THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

T·L·S

4 JUNE 1970

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MONDAY, 8th JUNE
FINE AND VALUABLE PRINTED BOOKS
the property of a European Royal Family, including Beechey's *Voyage to the ...* und *Zoology*, 1831-39, Demidoff's *Voyage dans la Russie Méridionale* ... *Pittoresque*, 1840-48, Gaimard's *Voyages de la Commission Scientifique* ... (1842-55), and *Voyage en Islande* . . . 1838-51, Humboldt and Bonpland's ... *aux Régions Equinoxiales* . . . 1805-25, Labillardière's, *Voyage à la Recherche* ... *Pérouse*, 1800, Laplace's *Voyage sur la Corvette La Favorite*, 1833-35, ... *Voyage dans l'Amérique Méridionale*, 1835-39, Vaillant's *Voyage sur la ...* *Bonite*, 1840-52, and Waldeck's *Voyage dans la Province d'Yucatan*, 1838; ... *The Geographical and Historical Dictionary of America and the West Indies* ... Catlin's *North American Indian Portfolio*, 1844; Curtis's *The North American ...* 1907-30, M'Kenney's *Indian Tribes of North America*, 1838-44, Maximilian's *... nach Brasilien*, 1820-21, Rivero and de Tschudi's *Antigüedades Peruanas* ... Taylor and Nodier's *Voyages Pittoresques dans l'ancienne France*, 1820 ... including Blaeu's *Steden van de Vereenighde Nederlanden*, (1649), ... Hondius's *Atlas*, 1633, Munster's *Cosmography*, 1578, and Quad's ... *Geographicas*, 1608; natural history, including Berlèse's *Iconographie du Camellia*, 1841-43, Bloch's *Ichthyologie*, 1785-97, Desmarest's *Tangaras* ... *Todiers*, 1805-07, Renard's *Poissons, Ecrevisses et Crabes* (1718-19), Sharpe's ... *Paradise*, 1891-98, Siebold's *Fauna Japonica*, 1833-50, and a fine collection ... John Gould, including *The Birds of Australia*, *Partridges of America*, ... *Birds of New Guinea* and *Humming Birds*; English colour-plate books ... Alken's *Ideas, accidental and incidental to Hunting* (1830), Apperley's ... *man*, 1842, Logan's *Clans of the Scottish Highlands*, 1845-47, Nayler's ... *King George the Fourth*, 1839, and collections of caricatures by Cruikshank ... others; The Delacroix Goethe's *Faust*, 1828, Goya's *Los Caprichos* and ... and works of Piranesi including *Le Antichita Romane*, *Il Teatro d'Ercolano* ... *di Roma*; Pluvinel's *L'Instruction* . . ., 1627, *Lex Regia*, Copenhagen ... temporary Danish velvet binding, Ruesner's *Thurnierbuch*, 1578, ... *graphia*, 1688, and Zeiller's *Topographia*, 1650-1726. Cat. (16 plates: 1 in colour) ...

MONDAY, 15th JUNE, and the following day
BIBLIOTHECA PHILLIPPICA
FRENCH, SPANISH, PORTUGUESE, GREEK, YUGOSLAV AND SLAVONIC MANUSCRIPTS
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T·L·S THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THURSDAY 11 JUNE 1970 · No. 3,563 · ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE

...HAVY (Editor): ...face Skimmer Systems ... Simpson, Low, Marston.

...very recently the movement of people and goods has been restricted to the interface of two media, and of the four interfaces on this planet only ... been exploited. Travel takes ... ships at the interface between water and air, and in a variety ... at the interface between land and air. Devices to travel ... bed of the sea (the earth/water interface) would seem to have ... ability: gliders skimming on the edges of the atmosphere ... (space interface) have ... tested, but not yet used, as ... of aiding spacecraft ... The present century has ... the growth of travel ... of the available four ... ships and aircraft in the ... in the sea: space... Movement in solid ... been left to the earth-...

...at an interface is inherently ... particularly where large ... to be carried. The lower ... (earth or water) can be ... to support the vehicle, ... of the available power can ... providing motion. In an ... on the other hand, power ... used both for support ... motion: this is particularly ... in the case of the helicopter. ... principal defect with travel ... interface is the resistance to ... which occurs due to friction ... causes, between the vehicle ... supporting medium. The ... transport engineering has ... concerned with reducing, or increasing the pro... power available to overcome ...

... reduction of drag was ... two ways—improving ... and improving the sur... which it ran. The first led ... sledge to the wheel and ... bearing: the second pro... macadam road and the ... Propulsion changed ... draught animal to ... internal combustion engine ... motor. On water, it is not ... improve the supporting ... and attempts at drag reduc... concentrate on the vehicle ... resistance to a ship's motion ... to two principal ... wave making, and skin fric... to the movement of the ... through the water. ... has gone into pro... forms to minimize the ... to both wave making ... friction. The progression ... on water has been ... as on land, with the ... of the wind: the ... have been the ... the sail, the paddle ... screw propeller.

... conventional modes of ... interface, the vehicle is ... the supporting ... over a fairly limited ... of a motor car, ... as in the case ... support comes by ... mass of water ... the vessel. Clearly ... resistance to motion is ... this contact and for ... engineers have ... schemes whereby ... could be supported by ... touching it.

Two basic ideas have evolved. In one, applicable to land or water, a cushion of air is interposed between the vehicle and the supporting medium. In the other, applicable only to water, the hull behaves like a conventional ship when at rest, but as it gathers speed it rises out of the water on legs supported by small aircraft-type wings (foils) which travel just below the surface. In this second scheme, contact with the lower medium is not lost entirely, but there is negligible wave making and the wetted area, and thence the skin friction, is very small.

Air-cushion vehicles have been built for over fifty years, but their study received a major impetus from the experiments of Christopher Cockerell in the 1950s. Cockerell's coffee tins have something of the quality of Watt's kettle in their appeal from domestic to technological affairs. In his first experiment, Cockerell blew air from a hair dryer through an inverted coffee tin on to a pair of scales, and measured the thrust. In his second experiment he placed one tin inside a slightly larger one and blew air through the space between them: the thrust was markedly increased. This principle of a circular curtain of downward flowing air, containing the cushion air within it, was used in the first hovercraft, the Saunders Roe N1. The SR-N1 successfully completed its first Channel crossing in July, 1959, finishing the trip on Dover beach and thus demonstrating the amphibious capability of this new type of vehicle. It soon became clear, however, that the hover height attainable with this type of craft (6-12in.) was insufficient, since the vehicle could only travel over smooth ground or fairly calm water. To increase the hover height it was necessary to contain the cushion air by a material barrier, rather than the air curtain of Cockerell's patent. Two possibilities existed: a rigid side wall or a flexible skirt. The rigid side wall cannot be used on land: at sea it must be sufficiently immersed to provide an adequate seal for the expected wave heights, and the wetted area produces significant drag. A flexible skirt, which will glide over the obstacles encountered, while maintaining cushion pressure with minimum leakage, can be used on land or water and produces less drag than the immersed sidewall.

Most of the effort in hovercraft development has been put into the study of compliant skirts. The original SR-N1 was subsequently fitted with 4ft. skirts, enabling it to clear solid obstacles 3½ft. high, and the current SR-N4 Mountbatten class, used by British Rail and Hoverlloyd for cross-Channel services, has 8ft. skirts and can maintain a service speed of 40-50 knots in 10ft. waves. It has been said that the development of a satisfactory skirt is "as significant to the hovercraft as the pneumatic tyre is to the motor car". Certainly the economic feasibility of hovercraft operation is closely related to skirt life.

As well as amphibious hovercraft, there is much interest at present in tracked air cushion vehicles, the most advanced project being the Orleans to Paris Aérotrain designed for speeds of 155-185 m.p.h. Tracked Hovercraft Ltd. have suggested to the Roskill Commission a 250 m.p.h. link between the third London airport and the city at a passenger cost no higher than current first-class rail fares. One advantage of conventional hovercraft on land is that they can move over unprepared surfaces: for example, they are proposed in Israel for collecting the banana harvest—banana groves are littered with dead fronds and branches and irrigation pipes so that wheeled vehicles cannot enter. Another advantage is that the air cushion prevents damage to the surface or to the supported object. The former point is of importance in protecting crops—the Central Electricity Generating Board have an air cushion vehicle to carry parts for transmission towers over farmland, and air cushion crop sprayers are being made in many countries. The latter

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point has found application in the hoverbed, used to support patients with extensive skin burns.

Boats which, at speed, rise out of the water on small submerged wings (hydrofoils) were first built successfully by the Italian airship designer Forlanini in 1905. His work attracted the interest of Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, and Bell eventually bought Forlanini's patent and began to construct his own hydrofoils on the Bras d'Or Lakes near Halifax, Nova Scotia. One of these boats achieved a water speed record of 71 m.p.h. in 1918. These early hydrofoils used ladder foils—the small wings being arranged like the rungs of a ladder and the number of rungs immersed diminishing as the boat increased speed. Most modern seagoing hydrofoils achieve the same effect by having foils in the shape of a shallow V, only a small part near the apex being immersed at high speed. For reasons of stability, vee foil boats cannot have very long legs, and so they are unsuitable for use in large waves, but numerous boats of this type operate successfully in coastal waters in waves up to about 5ft. The largest sea-going vee foil boat, carrying 150 passengers and eight cars, runs between Gothenberg and Fredrikshavn at 36 knots in 7½ft. waves. At the other end of the size spectrum a vee foil sailing dinghy has achieved 30 knots in 18in. waves.

In order to cope with open ocean conditions, long legs and fully submerged foils must be used. Fixed fully submerged foils are inherently unstable and so the boat is provided with pivoted foils controlled by an autopilot. The autopilot maintains the boat in a smooth flight almost irrespective of the wave conditions. A typical example is the Grumman Dolphin carrying 116 passengers at 48 knots in 10ft. waves. The largest hydrofoil of this type is the U.S. Navy's 320-ton Plainview, intended to travel at more than 70 knots.

Development of vee foil boats has taken place mainly in Italy, although the most advanced vessel of this type is almost certainly H.M.C.S. Bras d'Or. The United States has been principally responsible for submerged foil construction. Most hydrofoils in operation are, however, of neither of these types. The U.S.S.R. has a major network of rivers and canals, where the water is smooth but sometimes shallow. In 1945 Dr. Rostislav Alexeyev began work on the design of a hydrofoil suitable for these conditions. The Alexeyev system makes use of the fact that the lift on a foil running just below the surface decreases as the surface is approached. The main foils run a few inches below the surface and in addition there are sub-foils which just touch the surface under normal running conditions: these sub-foils assist take-off and prevent the main foils sinking. If the main foils rise they lose lift and thus return to their correct position.

Foil systems: A — surface piercing; B — submerged; C — shallow draught submerged.

The first passenger-carrying hydrofoil using the Alexeyev system, the Raketa, was launched in 1957. Several hundred Raketas are now in use in the Soviet Union, and a number have been exported. The Raketa carries 50 passengers at 32 knots in calm water. Alexeyev's Meteor, which entered service between Gorki and Moscow in 1960, carries 150 passengers at 35 knots, and the Sputnik (1961) 300 passengers at 41 knots. The first Soviet gas turbine hydrofoil, the Burevestnik, carries 130 passengers between Gorki and Kuibyshev at 53 knots. The larger Alexeyev hydrofoils can travel in moderately rough water. The cost of transport by hydrofoils in the U.S.S.R. is stated to be lower than by ship or bus, and it is expected that they will eventually replace all conventional passenger ferries on inland waterways.

* * *

We have, then, two means of travelling at an interface with little or no contact with the supporting medium. The hydrofoil, developed to commercial success in Italy and Russia, and the hovercraft, very largely a British invention, and as yet commercially unproven. For travel solely over an unobstructed waterway of adequate depth the hydrofoil seems likely to lead for some years to come. There are, however, waterways where because of shoals or rapids or floating obstacles such as log rafts or ice the hovercraft alone could function. For amphibious operation the hovercraft offers an almost unique capacity, and it will clearly be used for such purposes as inshore rescue and military landing craft. The agricultural benefit of having a load carrier which will not damage crops will also be exploited (the Polish horse-drawn hover platform affords a pleasing combination of tradition and innovation). Both the seagoing and tracked hovercraft and the hydrofoil have the advantage that over medium distances they are faster than alternative means of transport, and for passenger travel this may secure them a place in the vehicle spectrum. Whether they can compete with aircraft for passengers or ships for goods over longer distances is uncertain. The United States Government has recently commissioned a research programme to determine the feasibility of building and operating 4,000 to 5,000-ton air cushion ships having speeds of 80 to 100 knots. Certainly their proponents have always believed that the commercial attractiveness of hovercraft would increase with size, although one of the most flourishing markets at present seems to be for small sporting vehicles.

* * *

Jane's Surface Skimmer Systems, now in its third year of issue, is in the main a catalogue of aircushion vehicles and hydrofoils, listed by countries and manufacturers. Smaller separate sections deal with power plant and operators. The book is compiled largely from information supplied by the manufacturers, but this is reduced to a fairly standard format, which aids comparison between vehicles. The arrangement of the book is generally satisfactory, although there is some duplication of information and the quality of a number of the photographs is very poor. As well as the lists of vehicles and brief editorials there are an extensive glossary of terms—very necessary in a growing field where the general reader may not be entirely familiar with yaw port (see puff port) or finger skirt (see skirts)—and four contributed papers.

The first paper, by Commander J. M. Lefeaux, gives a very clear explanation of British Rail's choice and construction of terminals for the first cross-Channel hovercraft service, and of some of the teething troubles with the first SR-N4. J. M. Berthelot writes on the economics of aérotrain systems. He suggests that the cost per passenger mile will be comparable with present second-class rail fares, in spite of the much higher speeds. The reason is that maintenance costs are low, that of the track (a major item with conventional railways) being negligible and that of the carriage being less than for a wheeled vehicle subjected to concentrated loads and vibration. M. Berthelot does not envisage fixed timetables, but small units departing either when full or at maximum intervals of (say) 12 minutes. Radar guidance would be used for traffic control in preference to a crew. Commander N. T. Bennett discusses the work of the Interservice Hovercraft Unit. A naval party has used an SR-N6 (Winchester) in the Falkland Islands. The hovercraft has been used inland, over stone runs, bogs and streams, and at sea between the 200 islands. Weather in the Roaring Forties produces strong gusty winds and short, steep seas, and the navy found the extensive kelp beds around the islands of great assistance in permitting fast running. An army hovercraft squadron at Singapore has used Winchesters for moving men and stores ashore and afloat and for rescue operations over deep mud.

The longest of the contributed papers is by E. K. Liberatore on "The Giant S.E.S. and Global Mass Travel". Mr. Liberatore's paper is divided into two main parts. The first starts with the thesis that an American's home is not his castle but a "self-packag[ed] propelled, people co[ntainer] (motor car), and that [he is] frustrated by the existe[nce of] oceans. Mr. Liberatore's s[olution is] the provision of sixty [...] S.E.S.s (surface effect ships) [travell]ing at 150 m.p.h. and [carrying to] Europe the inestimable [...] of 20 million America[n self-pro]pelled people containers. The car would be the fam[ily's cabin] (below decks) for the 24-[hour jour]ney time, but as a conce[ssion to a] deficiency in present day [automo]bile design, each car wou[ld be allo]cated a minute "comfo[rt ...]". The return fare for a peo[ple contain]er and its contents wou[ld be ...]. As well as people, other [...] loads are self-propelled [...] facilities and desalination [...].

The second part of Mr. [Libera]tore's paper is headed "Is [...] it?" Via synergistic [...] mobile birth control instr[...] tres and computers wit[h ...] science he assures us that i[...].

Jane's Surface Skimmer [Systems] follows *Jane's Fighting Sh[ips]*, *Jane's Aircraft* (1909) an[d] *World Railways* (1951). [It pro]vides an annual record of [the state] of the art, and each will be [of great] value to future historians [of tech]nology. What is more int[eresting is] who reads, and who purch[ases the] current issues. Small bo[ys and] model makers will find a [...] the minutiae that they ado[re ...] foilborne propulsion is [...] two G.E. LM1500 marine [tur]bines of 14,000 b.h.p. co[ntinuous] rating, connected by [...] through the main struts [...] stainless-steel, super-cavitat[ing] propellors of 4ft. 4in. diam[eter at] the end of the propulsion [...] the main foils . . ."), bu[t at ...] guineas they are more like[ly to go] to the library than to pur[chasers of the] yearbook. And if they are t[he prin]cipal devotees, why did Wo[rld Rail]ways appear so late on the [scene?] Do manufacturers study the[ir rivals'] products in *Jane's* or o[...] prospective purchases? It [does not] seem very likely—they can [get more] detailed information more [...]. Even the most enthusiastic o[wn]ers or skimmers can hardly [regard it] as a bedside book—it's m[uch too] heavy to hold. Perhaps w[e should] offer to some budding socio[logist in] search of an M.Sc. subject [: "Who] reads *Janes*?" And do th[ose who] do not read it know what [they are] missing? Because if y[ou want] information, give or take [the] criticisms, it is a very wel[l ...] book.

[Je]ws, Christians and men

JACOB NEUSNER:
Judaism in the Secular Age
179pp. Vallentine, Mitchell. 30s.

H. G. ADLER:
The Jews in Germany from the Enlightenment to National Socialism
152pp. University of Notre Dame Press (American University Publishers Group.) £2 7s.

FRIEDRICH HEER:
God's First Love
Translated by Geoffrey Skelton.
529pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £4 10s.

[...] God wanted his "first [...] to grow in wisdom and [und]erstanding undisturbed by [in]fluences and the ideas of [other peo]ples he would have been [...] he guided Abraham to [...]. Instead he guided him to [the e]nds of the world—a fact [whose sig]nificance is not always [grasped] by either Jew or Gentile. [These th]ree books deal in different [ways with] the consequences of that [de]stination, and the con[tin]ual involvement of Jews [with othe]r peoples and religions [...]lled—and still results.

[Jacob] Neusner is an American [Jew, a lea]ding member of that [branch of] Judaism which lies be[tween] the traditionalists and the [reformers,] Conservative Judaism, [which be]cause of brilliant leaders, [and be]cause of the particular his[tory of] American Jewry, is impor[tant in] American religious life. [He is,] of course, we are in a [...] all religion is in retreat [before] the forces of secularism. Dr. [Neusner] analyses the immense [way in] which secularization has [affected] the internal life of the [com]munity, and proposes [...] towards a contemporary [...] of the relevance of [...] although he accepts the ver[dict of Har]vey Cox that man does [not] need it—"he can meet [...] elsewhere than at the holy [...] the answer of an exhausted [...] world is increasingly [...]: "Well, then, I wish he [...] for no alternative to reli[gion has] yet appeared to promise a [...] society for us or our grand-[children]".

[Bu]t fails to be wholly con[vincing], partly because of the [...] passion for constantly in[voking] the views of other schol[ars. One] would realize that, if we [wanted to] know the opinions of [Harvey] Cox, we read Harvey Cox. [We read] Jacob Neusner to get the [views] of Jacob Neusner. But [...] it fails because of an [...] in his thinking which he admits in the preface, and [else]where in the book: "I [have no]thing whatever to contribute [...]." Jews once lived in the [...] atmosphere provided [by Chri]stianity or Islam. They [assu]me that all agreed that [...], and concentrate on his [...]. "Today they can't. At last [they have] got to be their own [...]".

[In his] preface Mr. Adler strictly [limits his] purpose: "this book is [about] historical problems, not a [...]". He might add that it pin[points the] main problems, but does [not discu]ss them except briefly in [...]. He has set out to [show wh]y emancipation in Ger[many led] to the holocaust and not [to the] disappearance of any [Jewish] question". His answer is [...] of the Germans to [accept th]is disappearance, and his [...] is the wise concluding [...] that "the basic conception [of eman]cipation granted to indi[viduals and] not to coherent groups [...] and it is misconceived". [...] this with Neusner's [...] American experience, [where] Jews are fully free to [...] and are thereby exposed to [...] temptations. In fact the [...] between them open [a] deeper understanding.

[It] might be said that each [...] too short, one must say [of God's] *First Love* that it is too [...] for an English [...] All that can be said in [...] its length is that Roman [Catholic sc]holarship, in this field of [...] the history of anti-semi[tism, is ...] catching up with that of [...] non-Roman Christians. [...] works which cover [the same] historical ground, dealt [with by Pr]ofessor Heer may be less [...] Catholic readers than a [...] Catholic [...] to be. For others it [...] in that it is [...] compensation [...] comprehensive. On the other hand Geoffrey Skelton is to be congratulated on an excellent translation of what must have been a difficult German original. The only other criticism is that the title is much too sentimental for the English taste in a work of pure scholarship.

These criticisms made, one can unreservedly commend the continual insights which Professor Heer brings even to material that is already familiar, insights made more available by the itemized table of contents (though this would be immensely improved by the insertion of the page on which the item is treated). When the author becomes interested, the result is what would be appropriate to a whole article in a learned periodical. One can spot many of these special interests from the table of contents. It is, for example, clear that the author is not as much concerned with Roman imperial legislation or the medieval *servitudo camerae* as he is with the consequences of the Jews' being branded as children of the devil. He traces the Protocols of the Elders of Zion back to the Manichean dualism of St. Augustine. As an example of the constant special insights one could quote, in the course of his description of the Middle Ages, a single page on which he laments that Israeli problems are much complicated by the fact that Israelis and Arabs, though living at the same time, are not contemporaries. This possibility he illustrates by pointing out that in the Middle Ages Christians placed crowns on "emperors, kings, bishops, abbots, popes", whereas "the Jew gave a crown only to the Torah". This leads to a further digression which brings in the Jewish painter Chagall and the Jewish Nobel Prize winner, S. J. Agnon.

Each reader will find for himself the sections which specially provide him with new and deeper insights. The pessimism of St. Augustine "who did not understand enough Greek to be familiar with such great Greek humanists as Basil . . . has caused lasting damage to western Christianity to this day". He was ignorant of St. Gregory of Nyssa and his faith in spiritual progress, which anticipated Teilhard de Chardin; his life of Moses was based on the Song of Songs. Goethe referred to it in *Faust*, and derived his vision of the superman, which he passed on to Nietzsche, from these Greek models.

In the same comprehensive spirit, a passage on the vast bureaucracy of the Inquisition ends with the verdict that "if, in the end, cardinals, archbishops, church prelates and kings trembled before the Inquisition, one of the reasons was that here, far beneath the surface, the permanent war of the underdogs against their overlords was being waged". Martin Luther receives similar profound and percipient treatment. French nineteenth-century anti-semitism, being almost exclusively Catholic, is described at length; and so he comes to modern Germany, which occupies almost half of the book. Here personal knowledge and experience are added to intuition and insight, and the material offered becomes irreplaceable, and takes its valued place among the records of the Nazi period, with its lamentable story of the attitudes and activities of both Catholic and Protestant leaders and their followers, and the accompanying feebleness of government and churches abroad.

Equally valuable is the account of the quarter-century which has followed the defeat of Hitler, with its meagre evidence that any real repentance has overcome the churches. When he approaches Vatican II, he gives a full account of the anti-semitic work of "Maurice Pinay" which was presented in several languages to all the members of that Council, and more or less accuses the Curia of complicity in its preparation. He likewise suggests curial responsibility for the threat of the Arab powers were Cardinal Bea's original proposals to have been accepted. For a Catholic, even in these days of openly expressed opinions, his condemnation of the contemporary church is surprising. He speaks of the "self-isolation of the church from the world"; quotes a Jesuit writer who proclaims that "the task of the Church as such relates exclusively to the next world"; laments that the church rejected "an Arian Christ" whose humanity would inevitably involve the church in contemporary life; and, finally, sees little hope of the church escaping from her "death wish" except by turning again to "her elder brother", the Jewish people.

Here at the climax he falters. For he shows little real insight into the actual nature of Judaism and into the contribution which it might bring to the revival of religion. He believes that, through cutting off the Jews, the church has lost the sense of purposeful activity, the meaning of time, the covenant relationship between God and man, the optimistic outlook, and the rightful impatience of a messianic expectation. All this he summarizes in a call for the accepting of "Jewish piety and spirituality". But he misses the basic difference between the two religions, that one is a religion of salvation for "the elect", and the other a way of life for the whole of a natural community in this world. Hence their differences. But their true relation will not be found in depreciating either, but in accepting a creative tension between equals.

Today one can say that the tragic past between the two religions has been sufficiently explored; the basic responsibility of the Christian church for turning a normal xenophobia into the appalling evil of anti-semitism has been too well established to be challenged. The call to repentance for the Nazi holocaust has been adequately made—though this book among others shows that it is far from adequately accepted even by educated church leaders. The problem now is to re-examine the separation of the two religions, to assess the effects on both of that separation; to describe accurately their actual understanding of their own raison d'être, and to appreciate with both humility and responsibility the place of each in the spectrum of man's physical and spiritual needs, and capacities on the basis of the unity of humanity.

Election '70, a paperback compiled by David McKie of the *Guardian* and Chris Cook of Nuffield College, Oxford, (204pp. Panther. 6s.), sets out to show not only what the politicians say they will do during the 1970s but also what they did do during the 1960s. There are a narrative of political events since 1959, an analysis of the issues in this election, a trio of profiles of the party leaders by Norman Shrapnel, a quartet of summaries of party policy by representative M.P.s (two from the Labour Party), and a psephological guide at the end. The book is full of facts and figures, and should be most useful.

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A l'anglaise

FRANÇOIS DAULTE:
French Watercolours of the 19th Century
140pp. 51 plates. Thames and Hudson. £5 5s.

This is the second part of a projected three-volume history of French watercolour painting from the time of Watteau up to the present. The review of the first volume (June 17, 1969) stressed the subordinate role watercolour painting played in France in the eighteenth century as compared with England. During the nineteenth century it played an even lesser role, at any rate until the awakening of Impressionism. Nothing makes this more clear than the late date of the foundation of Société des Aquarellistes Français. This group, centred around Eugène Lami, came into existence only in 1879 as a result of the almost complete neglect of the medium by the state whose officials regarded it merely as an "elegant and frivolous" pursuit for amateurs.

The Old English Watercolour Society, on the other hand, had been founded in 1804, a period for which M. Daulte can find nothing better to reproduce than David's colour-washed drawings of official costume designs (a third was used by M. Huisman in the eighteenth-century volume) and a bistre wash and pen drawing (in no real sense a watercolour) by Gros. It was only after the defeat of France that an interest in watercolour was reawakened in Paris by a group of English artists of whom the best known are the Fielding brothers, William Turner, and Bonington. They enthused a number of young French romantic painters, amongst whom Delacroix and Géricault were the leaders. The visit of the latter to England in 1820 and of Delacroix in 1825, when he travelled in company with Bonington, were climacteric incidents. So was the impact of the latter's exhibits at the Salon of 1825. But although Delacroix, and later Chassériau, produced some striking watercolours, as did Granet, whose work in this medium is far more appealing than his huge empty oil paintings might suggest), state neglect was total. The only official commissions handed out until long after the fall of the Second Empire were for the fascinating albums, chiefly by Lami, recording Queen Victoria's visits to Louis-Philippe in 1843 and to Napoleon III in 1855, which are now in the Royal Library at Windsor.

With the Impressionists' interest in catching effects of light in the open air, watercolour came to the forefront at last. The medium is ideally suited for jotting down the more fleeting aspects of nature. And here again England played a crucial role with Pissarro's discovery of Turner's sketches when he fled to London in 1870 and Berthe Morisot's slightly later stay in 1875 with her husband Eugène Manet, Édouard's brother, when she studied the watercolours at the Victoria and Albert Museum and the British Museum.

All this M. Daulte tells succinctly, adding some interesting notes on technique translated from N.-T. Charlet, the painter of popular scenes of infant warriors which irritated Baudelaire so much. The author has been less well served by the printers of the colour plates than M. Huisman was. We are told in the text that the book of David's costume for a Republican municipal officer are black. In reproduction they are olive green, and his tricolour sash is yellow, blue and pink. Elsewhere Van Gogh's "La Moisson en Provence" is said to be touched with "few brilliant colours: indigo, vermilion, orange, lemon-yellow, emerald blue", not one of which is even faintly visible in the pure black and white reproduction.

When black meets white

JEAN-LOUIS SCHEFER:
Scénographie d'un tableau
205pp. Paris: Le Seuil. 20fr.

Some years ago, in a celebrated article, Roman Jakobson put forward the hypothesis that there is a broad distinction between discourse of the metaphorical and of the metonymic type. To the metaphoric order he consigned Romantic, Symbolist and Surrealist works, and to the metonymic Realist narrative and the epic. Roland Barthes took up this distinction in his *Elements of Semiology*, where he pointed out that the critic is better equipped to speak about metaphor than about metonymy, since the metalanguage in which he conducts his analysis is itself metaphorical "and consequently homogeneous with the metaphor which is its object". Whether in response to Barthes's insight or not, recent critical practice in France has tended to redress the balance in favour of metonymy, or at least to emphasize the interrelations of metaphor and metonym.

Jean-Louis Schefer's remarkable study, *Scénographie d'un tableau*, which deals almost exclusively with one picture by Paris Bordone, "A Game of Chess", can be related to this need to explore different levels of discourse through a coherent operation of criticism. One example of his method may be given: the squared marble floor and the chess-board placed upon it which gives Bordone's picture its title are in a mutual relationship of metonymy. By virtue of the squared pattern common to both, the part does duty for the whole. Yet a metaphorical relationship is also implicit, to the extent that the "ivory hardness" of the chess-board is equated with the marble of the floor. Thus "the chess-board removed from the paving by metonymy is transported there metaphorically".

This particular item gives a fair indication of the level on which M. Schefer's analysis moves. Paris Bordone's painting serves him (one could hardly put it the other way round) in the construction of an elaborate semiological system. And, at least with regard to the basic binary patterns involved, the construction is flawless. The background of "A Game of Chess" does divide almost equally between an architectural setting and a natural one (opus/natura). And this opposition is clearly mediated by the introduction of certain transitional terms: a dog, for example, which stands on the edge of the paving and serves to "introduce into urbanity a discreet savagery".

Yet M. Schefer is not content to remain within the framework of this relatively simple scheme of oppositions. The way in which he proceeds beyond them can be seen at the same time as his justification—since it leads him to specifically pictorial problems—and, arguably, his nemesis—since the final analysis is condemned to be inconclusive. For, on the one hand, binarity is the principle according to which meaning is organized: there are "two chess-players . . . two games: chess/cards . . . two notables on the flagstones . . . two perspectives . . . two distributive axes (perspective and light), etc.". Yet, on the other hand, this binarity introduces perpetual equivocation. "In short, analysis is endless and its order is digression since the *signifié* is always displaced and the other (other character, other game, other picture) is always the guarantee of a deferred identity." Meaning is dispersed and lost through a kind of "entropy".

One may legitimately question at this stage whether M. Schefer's analysis is valid simply for this particular "problem picture", or whether it substantiates its claim to generality. This is an issue which brings into relief his divergence, both implicit and explicit, from the habitual practice of the art historian. It will hardly come as a surprise that he has little use for the traditional tools of criticism, though he admits at one point the need to preserve "a good conscience in the history of art". Most close to his own concerns are the studies of Panofsky. Yet where Panofsky implies concentration upon a specific overriding code in the decipherment of a picture, he himself regards such an approach as reducing the work to a mere "illustration" of the code. By contrast he insists on the plurality of codes: "un code graphique, un code perspectif, un code de jeu". It would, however, appear that the issue is somewhat clouded in the case of this particular picture by the fact that, as he confesses, the code in Panofsky's sense has been lost. It is by no means clear that, if such a pattern of decipherment existed, our overall interpretation of "A Game of Chess" would not be substantially changed.

However, the most radical aspect of M. Schefer's analysis is the fact that he supplements the notion of code with that of *lexie*: "The system as *langue* is defined by the number and type of the readings that one can make of it. . . ." In accordance with this principle, the famous double portrait of Gabrielle d'Estrées and the Duchesse de Villars is invoked not for the purpose of "comparatisme" with Bordone's work, but as an "opening of the lexical field". When, in a short appendix, Carpaccio's "Ten Thousand Martyrs" is brought into account, the "lexical field" is opened so wide as to admit Dürer, Tintoretto, El Greco, Antonello da Messina and even Delacroix's "Entry of the Crusaders into Constantinople"; all are held to facilitate the discovery of the structure of the original work through "commutations". Here the apparent anachronism will no doubt grossly offend the traditional critic, just as Barthes's application of Freudian terminology to the theatre of Racine has done. But it is worth pointing out that such a position follows unerringly from the notion that the "langue" is constituted by the "number and type of readings that one can make of it". M. Schefer has simply formalized the system the type of relation is perhaps somewhat disturbing ignored if we assert the separation of the work and terpretation of the work.

One might finally ask Schefer's conclusions may to the present state of art art history. Professor Gom defined iconology as "that branch of study which criticism what linguistics criticism of literature". M implicitly denies this ratio would presumably place discourse of the picture an linguistics within the ambit ology, Saussure's science Moreover he is led to representation significantly from that of Gombrich. brich's "Meditations on horse", the hobby-ho represented horse, is view *substitute*, rather than an and the relation between hobby-horse is one of rather than form. For M the "representation" is "delegation of the represen its constitution. The mod tionship is not one of fun of structure: "the enunc not the act of production *structure of the enunci* reaches the one through The most violent diver tween these two points comes, however, with the of material. For Professor brich, the *substitute* exists material: "The form of depends on the material out It is fashioned, and on th For M. Schefer, the que material is hardly posed, nuance of painterly handli commodated within the sy signs. The chess-board is to ing us ivory is to marble, very indistinctness of the background is related to persion of meaning, the of the system.

In effect, M. Schefer's detour through pictorial con leads him back ultimately most generalized of linguis gories. The equivocation of in the picture "is the same that of the *signifié* which, undergoing an eclipse, is to the system of the *signifiant* in this attempt to save the from the metaphysical im of Saussure's distinction *absence* (system) and *pre* tagm), we glimpse the way this study fits within the pattern of inquiry conduc *Tel Quel* group. M. Schefer sense, freeing pictorial tion from the heritage of dependence on the outside dependence rooted in Plat physics), and placing it framework of Jacques "logic of supplementarity the *signifiant* is no mere for the *signifié* but its whose significance is deferred.

Ireland's greatest artist?

HILARY PYLE:
Jack B. Yeats
228pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £5 5s.

Research and the reminiscences of those who knew Jack Butler Yeats have been skilfully used by Hilary Pyle to build up a complete picture of his individuality of character and gifts, his relation with his contemporaries, and the various periods and facets of his art. It was indeed a remarkable family that produced in William Butler Yeats a great national poet, and in his brother Jack one who may be called "Ireland's greatest artist"; the description given by his biographer with which, so far as modern times are concerned, it would be hard to quarrel. It is about as his reason for becoming a painter that he was the son of one of the portraitist, John Butler Yeats, whose character is nicely sketched. Writing was also one of Jack Yeats's talents; his interest in the drama was one of the links in his friendship with Masefield and Synge; he wrote plays and novels that were admired by Joyce and Beckett. Yet the main thread in his career was the visual art in which he found the greatest potentialities of expression.

In accounting for his development as a painter, his biographer has a particularly illuminating phrase. He "entered the Gaelic Revival movement his brother was engaged in and became the artist of a cause which had never had an artist before." Though his early drawings for *Punch* (under the pseudonym of W. Bird) might owe something to Cruikshank and Leech—and perhaps also to Richard Doyle—the best of the illustrative phase of his work was essentially Irish, in the of fairgrounds, race-meet the varied humour and Irish country life. The from line and watercolou criptive aim to the intense tion of the oil paintings 1920s onwards was tow has been called, in the international application, sionist". Yet here again felt he advanced into a de of emotion that was still st tially Celtic. In addition to haustive bibliography, there of exhibitions of his 1897 to the many that was ized his eminence in recent

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Volume I: 293pp. Volume II: 328pp.
The Harvester Press, 42 Woodland Drive, Hove, Sussex, BN3 6DL. £5 5s.

"I will not be numbered among the common scribblers of the day", declared George Gissing. For this reason he turned his back on a promising career in journalism opened up for him by his association with Frederic Harrison and John Morley, for whose *Pall Mall Gazette* he wrote three articles "Notes on Social Democracy" in September, 1880, also contributing a London letter to Turgenev's *Le Messager de l'Europe*. Thereafter Gissing wrote almost nothing for newspapers or magazines (apart from a great many very feeble short stories) until towards the end of his life, when through the success of his little book on Dickens he was approached by *The Times* to review Swinburne's long article on the novelist in the *Quarterly Review* and Frederick G. Kitton's *Charles Dickens*. Thus on July 25 and August 15, 1902, Gissing became one of the first novelists to contribute unsigned reviews to *The Times Literary Supplement*, which in those days was a mere babe of six months, still mewling and puking in its mother's arms.

The three *Pall Mall* articles and the two Dickens reviews have now been reprinted for the first time as the first two of a new series of charmingly produced Gissing booklets in a limited edition by the Enitharmon Press, which is run by Alan Clodd (a surname that strikes a jubilant chord in the mind of the Gissingite). The editor of the notes is Jacob Korg and of the reviews Pierre Coustillas: both give illuminating and substantial introductions, ably placing these brief journalistic forays in the whole context of Gissing's life and outlook at the time he wrote them.

In a third volume, *George Gissing at Alderley Edge*, Dr. Coustillas has collected together some firsthand accounts of Gissing's schooldays which illuminate this hitherto obscure period but in no way alter one's view of Gissing as a schoolboy isolated by his burning ambition and outstanding academic ability. These were the two things that he put later into the character of the hero of his most interesting novel from the autobiographical point of view, *Born in Exile*. This has been reissued now as one of the Gollancz Classics with an introduction by Walter Allen in which he endorses Dr. Korg's view that Godwin Peak has the stature of Turgenev's Bazarov; others may see him as an intellectual Tartuffe or as a curious amalgam of Copperfield and Heep. Mr. Allen repeats Wells's error that Gissing's second wife Edith—he wrote this novel shortly after he married her, perhaps as an attempt to justify his failure once more to marry a woman who was his intellectual equal—was a servant girl he picked up in Regent's Park; she was a workman's daughter he met at the Oxford Music Hall, and Mr. Allen post-dates the publication of *Workers in the Dawn* by eight years.

As Gissing was very much a prophet without honour in his own country (and still is) it seems wholly appropriate that our two foremost Gissing scholars should be respectively an American and a Frenchman. Short though they are, the journalistic articles now resuscitated are of great interest, and they reawaken the thought that if only Gissing had not despised journalism what a wonderful critical journalist he would have been and what a much happier life he might have led. Gosse, Macarthy, Mortimer, Connolly, Raymond—Gissing might well have founded this particular dynasty. However, it was not to be, and for Gissing the critic we must scour his letters and earnestly hope that we shall soon be able to read them in Arthur C. Young's new edition with all the cuts restored.

Instead of writing critical articles, Gissing wrote novels, most of which nowadays are very hard to come by. One of the rarest of all, *Isabel Clarendon* (1886), has just been reprinted in a facsimile of the first edition, also with a substantial introduction by Dr. Coustillas in which he too examines such matters as the alleged influence of Turgenev (the hero is a young man of letters who falls in love with an English home counties *châtelaine*), the possible contribution of Gissing's benefactress Mrs. Gaussen to the character of the eponymous heroine. What he does not do is to make a comparison with George Moore's *A Modern Lover* (1887), a much less sentimental, more consistently well-written, and better organized treatment of the same theme, but without those sudden *aperçus* and profundities for which the true Gissing enthusiast will forgive so much fumbling and bumbling.

Dr. Coustillas is certainly a true Gissing enthusiast. Indeed from these two introductions which he has written directly into admirable English it is clear that he is just to idolize Gissing but him as well. Perhaps at stage of the programme it permitted, while record gratitude that a much stood writer is at last rec scholarly deserts, to sugges Gissing revival which is under way could be stra birth by too many slim enshrining his minor wo rather than end on a Yule-like note, let us the buried prose does at appear to be kicking off stones.

Dark eminences

ANDRE MALRAUX:
Le Triangle noir
Laclos, Goya, Saint-Just.
135pp. Paris: Gallimard. 20fr.

André Malraux has gathered up three essays written, respectively, in 1939, 1947 and 1955 and arranged them in the mildly diabolical pattern of *Le Triangle noir*. He has also added a short preface meant to explain what his novelist, painter and Revolutionary have in common; but this explanation is in Malraux's most oracular and compressed manner and it fails, except to display his three subjects as historical emblems of the "greatest crisis of the individual" between Luther and ourselves. This we must take as proof that even in old age Malraux will not abandon the intensity of youth or the conviction that he lives in privileged times; the interest common to the studies in *Le Triangle noir* is simply that he wrote them.

The earliest essay on Laclos, is far and away the most controlled and intelligible of the three, and makes one wish Malraux had written as much literary criticism as he has art criticism (if that is the proper term for what he writes). This success could well be because he has detected in Laclos a passion identical to the one which has always been his own propellant: admiration for intelligence in action. Malraux's analysis of the ideology that rules the *Liaisons dangereuses* is coherent and complete; he sees it as the first great work to turn premeditation itself into a passion. Laclos emerges as an intermediary between the *moralistes* and the Romantics because he saw that insight into human motive was a tool essential to the social superman; he was the first technologist of moral science. And the victims in Laclos are easily governed by others because they are vain, they want to be lied to and there is always an ice-cold manipulator to tell them the right lies. For Malraux there is only one blind spot in the satanic lucidity of the *Liaisons*—eroticism; apart from the sexuality of which they can never quite be the masters, Laclos's heroes are demiurges favoured with experiences which let them live in accordance with their own image of themselves.

Malraux does not again climb to this degree of illumination in the essays on Goya or Saint-Just. With Goya he is both cloudy and portentous, exploiting the artist's solitude vigorously so as to establish him as a thoroughly exemplary mode his art as his only absolute va Malraux's assessment of depends on too many dec *tures* for comfort: betw solitary artist and a comp age, between early Goya a between the superficial sedu other artists and Goya's *question* of the human co The painter himself refuse finally trapped inside these and Malraux does not achie more than a clever descripti achievement.

Saint-Just too escapes analy largely because that is the wa raux wants it. He preserve Just's legendary status by proc his ultimate impenetrabilit resistance to all personaliz he practised when he was al which has not been reversed s death. Malraux has found fine phrases to summarize Sai ferocious career—"somnamb verain" is the most memo but overall he seems to con easily in Saint-Just's own p glorious self-effacement. trouble perhaps is Saint-Just a to him too strongly as an existentialist hero, a man dete to leave nothing behind him actions.

Marxism and Formalism

VYACHESLAV POLONSKIJ:
Na literaturnye temy
424pp. Moscow: Sovetski Pisatel. 1r. 16 kops.

YURI TYNYANOV:
Arkhaisty i novatory
595pp. Munich: Wilhelm Fink Verlag. DM 52.

These re-issues of two Russian critics of the 1920s form a curious contrast. Both men were actively engaged in the creative literature of their time. Polonsky took over the editorship of *Novy Mir* soon after its founding, and he remained in that vulnerable post until he was sacked in 1931. Tynyanov's critical work was centred on the Pushkin period, but he was an honorary member of the Serapion Brotherhood, and a welcome visitor to Mayakovsky's LEF. In the Soviet Union he is now better known for his historical fiction than for his criticism, although a small and unrepresentative selection was published in 1965.

Arkhaisty i novatory is Tynyanov's own selection from his articles of the 1920s; it was one of the last collections of Formalist criticism to appear in the Soviet Union, and the present reprint is its first re-issue since then. It is complete and has been competently produced with a brief preface by Dmitrij Tschižewskij. By contrast, the selection from Polonsky's critical writings is unnecessarily one-sided; his major work, the Essays on the Literary Evolution of the Revolutionary Epoch, has been drastically cut, or, as the footnote puts it: "The editors have selected only those chapters which have retained their socio-literary importance for the present day." In other words, Polonsky's sympathetic discussion of the peasant-poets of the 1920s and his article on Pilnyak have disappeared without trace.

The greater part of Polonsky's criticism lies in that Russian socio-politico-literary tradition, which in the Soviet period has degenerated into a discussion of whether a given artist has "understood the significance of the October Revolution", and if not, whether he is developing in the direction of the Revolution or away from it. When Polonsky tries to apply these principles to such sophisticated writers as Babel and Olesha, the results are, not surprisingly, meaningless, and his chapters on the Party-writers Fadeyev and Furmanov do no more than paraphrase their exemplary ideological messages. But with Artem Vesely, a writer whose heart was in the right place but whose head was chaotically muddled, Polonsky unexpectedly shows a genuine sympathy and understanding. In this case at least he was wise enough to see the dangers of the ideological approach.

Tynyanov's essays deal mainly with the period from Lomonosov to Pushkin, an age to which he usually turns in his fiction, too. Entirely by means of literary analysis, and in particular by a study of the evolution of literary genres, he demonstrates the complex interaction of his archaists and innovators. He shows that writers regarded by their contemporaries as archaists, like Shishkov, may be re-discovered and imitated by the avant-garde of later generations; he insisted that there is no necessary connexion between artistic innovations and political liberalism. Unremarkable, except in the Soviet Union such ideas still seem to sho even in dealing with the period of Russian literatu yanov never lost sight of temporary literary situat daunting problems of crea art for the new society, always looking for poi might be relevant to his o

Tynyanov and Polonsky use for each other's scho ticism. Tynyanov rejected tradition which Polonsky sented, while Polonsky wa enough to be shocked by F As it turned out, both were by the powers that decid things. Polonsky died soon disgrace—of typhus; Tyny forced to abandon literary once Formalism had becom of indiscriminate abuse.

Polonsky's position is tially different from that of other Soviet critics of h occupies a modest place tory of the literary mov the 1920s, but his critic hardly stand up to re-publ tween hard covers forty Tynyanov, on the other to make a new name for his historical fiction; his Kyukhelbeker, Griboye Pushkin, and the lunatic Emperors Paul and Nichol tragically relevant to the porary situation. As his and critic, the late Arkad has written, "Yuri Tyny of the poets who brought tidings of their times, who satisfied, and were killed Tynyanov, after all, had about Soviet literature sky.

MARY McCARTHY
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AND OTHER LITERARY ESSAYS
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Young contemporaries

ELLIOTT:
ker and Warburg. 35s.

t is becoming—one might n risks becoming—as pro- ist as Miss Iris Murdoch: ing is her seventh to be within about as many comparison is not made use both are highly intel- en writers who wear their ightly; although no pro- philosopher, Miss Elliott is l at introducing general nd giving the discussion g a convincingly natural te conversations her fre- ademic characters enjoy. this, the imaginative ex- from which the material vels comes is not only as d apparently inexhaustible urdoch's, but it is, in the backed by a professional is factual detail which, as Carthy has wisely said, is cking in modern novels: ot merely that some dis- g homework on back- s been done, but that the enthusiastically absorbed e world she is creating, so ter of different settings t can appear genuinely —and the dull Midland ich *The Kindling* takes as much a part of Miss maginative experience as London (the background t book *Angels Falling*) or l academia, which was the *The Singing Head*.

eas Miss Murdoch's pre- n with changing relation- often—and deliberately- ke a formal dance, with rapping and various per- of kith, kin and sex engi- a mysterious game. Miss ides to let chance appear the *deus ex machina*, often haphazardly causing friends and couples to exchange love and loyalties. She is particularly fond of following the fortunes of a small group of young contemporaries, any of whom might, but for some ironic chance, have paired off with any other. The latest group is a tiny pocket of talented and intelligent youngsters, friends partly because they despise the dreary respectability and dead-end provincialism of their home town, but chiefly because, as sixth-formers, they have come under the influence of a local teacher, Herbert Wolf, whose slim volume, now out of print, on Lawrence whom he had briefly known, has established him as a minor literary figure of somewhat shocking liberal views. It has also, as his acolytes know in their jollier moments away from him, been the ruin of Herbert Wolf as a man likely to achieve either happiness or success; his bohemian household—not least the beautiful and bright daughter, Laura—and his wonderful gift for encouraging pupils and stimulating ideas, are really the façade for a sad failure of a life.

But the central character is not Herbert Wolf, although the repercussions of his ideas and his suicide, after a dubiously revealing incident with a small boy, effectively destroy his image and change the lives of his young friends. The central character is Jack Wolstenholme, miner's son and spare-time poet, the only one of his friends whose escape from stifling Burleigh seems, at first, both vital and most hopeful, yet hardest to come by. To persuade Jack to escape is a good thing, because his ambivalent feelings about poverty, lack of education, social success and, above all, Laura Wolf, keep him in restless intellectual hibernation at his bicycle factory and in the loft with his late father's carrier pigeons, unsympathetic yet loving towards a dour, withdrawn, widowed mother. Events decide. Jack, resigned to marrying a local girl Pat whom he has got pregnant, discovers slowly and painfully that their son, who almost dies and helps reduce Pat to a breakdown, matters enough to re-orientate his ambitions. His own innocence has gone—perhaps with Herbert's image—and the urge for change has been equally shaken by the disastrous involvement of his friend Ted with a revolutionary group of arsonists finally charged with murder. But the child's innocence, and the possibility of retrieving a love more lasting than Laura's inside his marriage, are something to stabilize and give him hope.

This could have been a sentimental little tale of local boy growing up, of trite conclusions concerning the loss of illusions and the awareness of moral values. Miss Elliott does sometimes overdramatize the significance of a crucial moment, overplay the admiration we are all intended to feel for Jack's sterling character, and may seem to some readers somewhat over-indulgent in those meaningful, vague, elliptical discussions of love, life and purpose of which she is very fond. But whereas in her early success, *The Buttercup Chain*, the idealistic soul-mates were often ineffectual and tiresomely self-centred, pretentious hedonists or high-minded bores, these people in Burleigh are seen with a mature, even very occasionally comic, eye to the Midland clay on their feet: the empty hopes of many young people during the 1950s, and their gradual adjustment to sober facts no less depressing but better faced than escaped from, are extremely well caught—Jack and his friends, with their "messy yearnings", already offer a sad and dated comment on the years when freedom was still at the end of the rainbow and conventions still powerful enough to blight its pursuit.

Degrees of protest

TISOLO:
ión del Conde Don Julián
xico: Joaquín Mortiz.
DELIBES:
del náufrago
elona: Destino. 150ptas.
TRULOCK:
base
id: Alfaguara. 180 ptas.

all protest novels: the al denunciation of the spectacle of pop and piety modern Spain, the others rcumlocutions amounting e thing, but published country and thus muted

isolo's new novel con- sition as a most original ovelist. It is a medita- An account of an dismissal and accom- of betrayal of his ly. From Tangier the the nearby enemy poisonous scar") in breathless fluency and examines his insect across the Straits, ell with a Moroccan beggar, a Castilian and tourists, a the release of these recollected fantastic dream ated country, in comes to identify Count Julián, the Christian Spain the Arabs in the the peninsula new Moorish his own child- ate religion, id, above all, "Seneca"— pedant, Franco — summarizes al character.

Reivindicación del Conde Don Julián achieves marvels of density and bizarre poetry (it acknowledges Julio Cortázar's and Carlos Fuentes's collaboration—voluntary or involuntary?). In one astonishing passage "Seneca", his pious daughter, the striptease girl's genitalia, a famous grotto in Tangier haunted by American tourists and Orpheus fuse into a single protracted image which seems to be typical of the puritanical streak in Goytisolo's writing. The genitals are hell, Spain is "el país del coño", and this equation presumably explains the climax: the ritual defilement of the author's youthful self (identified with the Moroccan boy) by the Julián figure and the Serpent (the same one who terrified the tourists): and the crucifixion of Mother and Child who turn out to be two rag dolls lying in the debris of Tangier market. Thus summarized all seems unoriginally Freudian. But Goytisolo has discovered the immense potential of the language and its lexical possibilities, and his humour and passion make this a truly remarkable novel. But one wonders where he can go from here. The hatred is purged, Count Julián is revindicated and return to Spain in any sense now seems unthinkable. But exile may provide him with no trauma of comparable intensity to life under the regime.

Miguel Delibes may also eventually be faced with similar choices. His new book is an anti-capitalist extravaganza sweetened with whimsy and stylistic tricks comma like writing the punctuation in full comma which may have made the book unintelligible to hard-pressed censors. His previous *Cinco horas con Mario* was already a fairly outspoken condemnation of the regime's nouveaux-riches. *Parábola del náufrago* tells of a pathetic underling adrift in a vast, Kafkaesque industrial concern ruled by an easily identifiable tyrant; and the elaborate stylistic tricks are meant as satirical attacks on computerization, advertising techniques and other capitalist inhumanities. In short it is another general refutation of Evil and defence of Good like most of Delibes's novels, sketchy, sentimental and flat, "another step", as one Spanish critic put it, "towards a definitive novel".

Jorge C. Trulock's *Inventario base* might serve as an example for Spanish novelists of how to avoid the crudities of engaged literature. Trulock has his gaze firmly fixed on Robbe-Grillet and the *nouveau roman* and abandons moralizing for a painstaking enumeration of objects and actions which exactly expresses the claustrophobic nightmare of tenement life. *Inventario base* covers two days in a cramped flat shared by seven shadowy figures who enact the changeless rituals of lower middle-class life — telly on, eggs fried, toilet flushed, &c. In this thing and ritual-ridden world people have the same artistic importance as the brooms and ashtrays surrounding them, and occasionally fade from the picture altogether, so that the drama which unfolds—the sickness of an infant—has a tragic insignificance. Trulock has certainly realized how little one need say to make one's point, providing one has a passion for words. His careful understating is the perfect antidote to the rhetoric and journalism of much Spanish fiction.

Ediciones de la Revista de Occidente in Madrid are currently re-issuing, in editions that are a further sign of the vast improvement in Spanish standards of book production, what they call "Cimas de America" and what we would call Spanish American classics. The latest to appear is Augusto Roa Bastos's *Hijo de hombre*, a set of very rugged, very visceral interlocking stories which celebrate the mute endurance of country people in Paraguay through peacetime oppression and war against Bolivia.

Lovable rogues

PAT McGRATH:
The Green Leaves of Nottingham
172pp. W. H. Allen. 25s.

GEOFFREY WOLFF:
Bad Debts
222pp. Hamish Hamilton. 30s.

The Green Leaves of Nottingham was written when Pat McGrath was only fourteen, so one would expect it to be a pretty precocious performance. By and large, it is; it's well sustained, rarely slow, competently organized, and it displays a surprisingly high level of maturity in characterization, but having said that, it's necessary to add that this is so only when one takes into consideration the author's age. Despite the precocity, the faults are really quite transparent—and, of course, one wouldn't have expected otherwise. Reading, or reviewing, becomes a somewhat academic exercise as one is put to formulating a sort of critical algebra: this or that fault, divided by the author's youth, plus a large amount of aptitude, equals a good deal of promise for the future. When one says that Pat McGrath exhibits a fine grasp of the social and economic problems which beset the area in which his book is set—Nottingham—and the people who live there, one is really saying "for a fourteen-year-old"; and the same applies to dialogue, which usually seems very accurate, and to plot development.

The story concerns Jamie Howe, just back from Borstal and picking up his life of crime amid the Nottingham slums. He wants the high life that only money can provide, but he's no thug and is keenly aware of his own inadequacies in the company of the "grammar-school girl" of whom he is fond. Jamie's underworld friends soon get him in over his head, and the story becomes somewhat fanciful, with mobsters shooting people from cars, murderers on the run and so on.

Benjamin Freeman, pathological liar fantasist, con-man and hero of Geoffrey Wolff's *Bad Debts*, is one of those literary creations whose claim to fame lies in a lovable, or pitiable, roguishness. Victim of a consumer society and his own cupidity (material possessions, it is hinted, are a substitute for the affection he has forfeited) he unthinkingly makes victims of those closest to him: Gerrish, despised for his "respectable" success in law; Caxton, Freeman's son, who has inherited his father's ambition but not his arrogance; Ann, Freeman's estranged wife, bludgeoned by benign bullying into a solitary life. Freeman is in debt almost everywhere. To him, it's a notoriety which seems the next best thing to the universal respect he has always wanted and it's significant, perhaps, that his most intense love-hate relationship is with his son, who makes a comfortable niche for himself in Washington's political and social high-life, until a surfeit of ambition brings him down.

In fact, in many ways Caxton is an altogether more convincing and better realized character than his father. Freeman never seems quite the devilish (if misunderstood) ne'er-do-well; the picture of a likable villain inside whom is a sad old man struggling to be recognized, never really comes into focus; whereas Caxton's problems are not only more credible, but do much more to awaken our sympathy. But the balance between Freeman's dual role as victim and antagonist is nicely kept and provides the book with a keen edge of irony; and Geoffrey Wolff's point—that everyone, including Benjamin, loses—is subtly made.

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The Vikings at home and abroad

PETER FOOTE and DAVID M. WILSON:
The Viking Achievement
473pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. £3 5s.

DAVID M. WILSON:
The Vikings and their Origins
144pp. Thames and Hudson. 30s. (Paperback, 15s.)

The past decade has been notably productive of books in English about what we loosely but conveniently call the Viking period of Scandinavian history, as this may be observed through the media of archaeology, numismatology, and written documents in respect both of the Scandinavian homelands and the areas of Scandinavian enterprise abroad. Not all these books are equally good, but few will dissent from the view that the writings of E. O. G. Turville-Petre and Gwyn Jones, Peter Sawyer and David Wilson, Miss Jacqueline Simpson and Mrs. H. R. Ellis Davidson, together with translations of books by Arbman, Brøndsted, Hagen, Stenberger, Almgren, Krogh, Ingstad and Kivikoski, have given the English reader foundations surer and wider than those he knew before. One of the wholesome consequences of this spread of lively knowledge is that the Vikings have been brought out of the mibatory (and sometimes derisory) corners of humane scholarship they once inhabited into the light of day and the realm of popular interest.

It is likely that this interest will be maintained throughout the 1970s. *The Viking Achievement* is a summarizing volume in the "Great Civilizations" series, and its authors define their task, and their approach to it, as follows: "We mean to look chiefly at Scandinavian societies at home in the period A.D. 800-1200. . . . Our account is avowedly descriptive and inevitably selective." In various ways the dates are justifiable and convenient. By 800 one can see some sort of shape to the Scandinavian lands and peoples, more especially to Denmark and the Danes, among whom had emerged a king, Godfred, tough and resourceful and dominating enough to exchange unabashed glares with Charlemagne himself and daunting strokes with the Emperor's allies.

By 800 too the Danes and Norwegians were engaging in prophetic mischief along the shores of Western Europe and the British Isles. After 800 the student will still find himself intermittently in the dark, but at least he is out of the pervading opaqueness of those preceding centuries where often all he can do is make an intelligent guess—and immediately qualify it. The *terminus ad quem* appears at first sight on the late side, but it is arguable that the Viking achievement was not fully apparent at the deaths of Harald Hardradi of Norway and Svein Estridsson of Denmark, and it is certain that many of our conclusions about people and institutions in Scandinavia *c.* 1070 are to an extent dependent on what we know of conditions there up to a hundred years later.

The Viking Achievement is a workmanlike and informative survey of the main aspects of life and society in the Scandinavian homelands and in Iceland, which was colonized during the period *c.* 870-930. The authors, one an archaeologist, the other an authority on the northern languages and literatures, have made a heroic discard of the Viking achievement overseas, which to many has appeared their most remarkable achievement of all. Though they judged it wise not to follow the freebooters and land-takers to their scattered battlefields and settlements abroad, it took high resolution to omit the names of Eirik the Red, Bjarni Herjolfsson, Leif Eiriksson, and other justly famed mariners and explorers from their naming of parts. The record must show a little maimed without such crossers of oceans and breakers into new worlds.

The material is organized under broad heads in twelve sub-divided chapters. The first four deal with states, society, and their component individuals, slaves, free men, and rulers. What is said of slaves and women is admirable. There follows an interesting chapter on daily life and the physical foundations which dictated its characteristics: houses, furniture, food, clothes, crafts, games, and the like. The next three chapters deal with trade, towns, transport by sea and land, piracy, weapons and war. The authoritative ninth chapter, on "Art and Ornament", may be safely attributed to Mr. Wilson, and the tenth, on "Poetry", to Professor Foote. The remaining two chapters are concerned with justice and law, with religion and conduct.

Inevitably a new book of this kind traverses ground mapped or partly mapped by earlier writers, like Almgren and his team in their magnificently illustrated *The Viking* (1966) and Miss Simpson in her highly competent *Everyday Life in the Viking Age* (1967). One cannot be very original when describing the Gokstad ship, the Jelling stones, or grave-goods from Birka. Professor Foote and Mr. Wilson deal mainly in facts, and facts when properly displayed and assessed, as they are here, speak for themselves. The tone throughout is sober and cautious, and both authors keep speculation on a tight rein. The English reader will none the less find a good deal here which he will not easily find elsewhere without resort to non-English sources. There are enlightening discussions of land-divisions and tenure, the social hierarchy and its conventions, family and community relationships, including rights and duties and eleemosynary arrangements; and the account of legal codes and procedures is clear and helpful.

The volume is well illustrated, with twenty-eight plates, some of them showing several objects, and fifty-nine figures in the text. By some quirk these last are listed without reference to the pages where they may be found. There are no footnotes and no formal bibliography. Instead there are "Bibliographical Notes" which may sharpen one's wits and will assuredly enliven one's temper. There is a good working index.

On a note of misdirected irony the blurb of *The Viking Achievement* announces that the day of the northern polymath, the single scholar, is over. Before a book of dual authorship this may be wishful thinking. But undaunted, Mr. Wilson has simultaneously produced his one-man *The Vikings and their Origins* as the first volume of a new series entitled "The Library of Early Medieval Civilizations". His sub-title is "Scandinavia in the First Millennium". His book is a revised and enlarged version of material published earlier in the same publishers' book *The Dark Ages*. It is in effect a four-sectioned essay on "The Unveiling of Scandinavia", "The Era of the Great Migrations", "The Viking [...] and "The Vikings at Ho[me] [...] once compacted and confi[...] author's 122 pages of tex[t] [...] find room for a thousan[d] [...] history, social and cultural [...] ments within an area e[...] from the North Cape to th[e] [...] terranean, Newfoundland [...] Volga Bend, together with [...] trations, many of them occ[...] full or half page. What re[...] neatly sketched part-outli[...] huge and complicated sub[...] written material, though li[...] up to date, and the picture[s] [...] attractive. It is the kind of [...] do a power of good in s[...] and undergraduate libraries.

An unknown people

SIRARPIE DER NERSESSIAN:
The Armenians
216pp. Thames and Hudson. £2 2s.

This concise survey of the history, culture and artistic achievements of a country which, although the first to adopt Christianity as its official religion, remains virtually unknown to English readers, is a welcome addition to the "Ancient Peoples and Places" series. Readers will be quick to appreciate its many qualities and will find it a rich mine of factual information. Starting with the dawn—it might well be said, the pre-dawn—of Armenia's culture, it carries the story into the eleventh century, and in some cases into the thirteenth. Cilicia or Little Armenia is rightly included in the survey in addition to Greater Armenia or Armenia proper. The desire to cover so much ground in the very limited length imposed by the series and to provide readers with as much factual information as possible doubtless helps to some extent to account for the somewhat austere nature of the text. The need for compression may cause some difficulty to those readers who are not familiar with Armenia's territories, for many places and districts will be unknown to them, yet several of these, such as K'asakh or Ereruk, (as well as Erzinjan and other places situated beyond its borders, such as Sivas) do not figure on either of the maps, nor are descriptions included in the text which would help readers to determine their positions. Sometimes too an outdated place-name has been used in preference either to an ancient or a contemporary form, such as Trebizond in place either of Trapezus (the form used on figure I) or Trabzon, or Tiflis instead of Tbilisi. These, however, are minor points which do not detract from the book's very considerable value.

In a field as much bedevilled by nationalism as that of the study of the arts of Armenia and Georgia, the author is to be especially commended for her open-minded and balanced attitude concerning the relationship of the two schools. The controversy engendered by the publication in 1967 of the large volume by the Georgian scholar Professor G. N. Tchubinashvili, entitled *Researches into Armenian Architecture* (in Russian) formed, in 1968, the subject of a particularly scathing review by the distinguished Armenian scholar, A. Yacobson, published in No. 3 of *Sovetskaya Arkheologiya* of that year. It has been followed by a polemic in *Matsne*, the organ of the Armenian Academy of Sciences as well as in Georgian publications, yet the subject deserves a more scholarly and dispassionate treatment. Indeed, as Professor der Nersessian remarks, while herself evidently disagreeing with Professor Tchubinashvili's conclusions, that it is "not by setting architectural monuments of the two countries i[n] [...] tion, but by considerin[g] [...] together—which Professor T[...] ashvili has done—that "fur[ther] [...] [will] be thrown on a numbe[r] [...] standing problems".

It is in the chapters on [...] ture, sculpture and manu[...] the Christian period that P[...] der Nersessian is most at ho[me] [...] these, especially the [...] scripts, are the best in the [...] those on the earlier phases [...] personal and have more the [...] ter of a summary. It woul[d] [...] been especially interesting [...] the author's views on th[e] [...] dating from the third centu[ry] [...] discovered at Moshchevaya [...] in the Kuban, now in the He[...] Museum, which is thought t[o] [...] Armenian make, as well as [...] rare pieces of glass excav[ated] [...] Dvin. This leads to the thou[ght] [...] intermarriage between Ar[...] and Latins may perhaps ha[ve] [...] partly due to the influence w[...] Crusaders exercised in th[e] [...] Eastern world, and not, as th[e] [...] implies, wholly to the cosmo[...] ism of the Armenians. The bo[ok] [...] tains many ideas likely to [...] the reader, to encourage him [...] deeper into Armenia's cheque[red] [...] tory or to search for further [...] in the rich field of Armen[...] There could be no more o[...] introduction to the subject t[...] provided by this well-il[lustrated] volume.

The first Crimean war

ALAN W. FISHER:
The Russian Annexation of the Crimea, 1772-1783
179pp. Cambridge University Press. £2 15s.

The Russian annexation of the Crimea in 1783 was an event of major importance in the histories of Russia, the Ottoman Empire and European international relations. For Russia it meant that the colonization of the rich southern steppeland could proceed without the danger of Tatar raids, though the incorporation into the Russian Empire of the Crimean Tatars was to bring its problems. For the Ottoman Empire the loss of the [...] the loss of valuable Tatar military forces and a secure northern frontier but the disastrous wars with Russia provided the impetus for the first major attempts at internal reform. For European international relations it was the real beginning of the "Eastern Question", since it marked the entrance of Russia into Ottoman, Balkan and Middle Eastern affairs. Russia now had easy access to the Balkans and the Caucasus by both land and sea, and it is not surprising that the proclamation of annexation greeted jubilantly in St. Petersburg produced alarm in Great Britain and France.

In view of its importance it is curious that the story of the Russian annexation of the Crimea has received relatively little attention. Soviet historians have evidently found the problem of the Crimean Tatars—a "non-people" from Stalin's deportation of them until their partial "rehabilitation" in 1968—too embarrassing, and Turkish scholars have been reluctant to embark on detailed study of the period of Ottoman decline. Now, however, an American scholar with a good knowledge of both Russian and Turkish sources has set out to fill the gap and has provided us with a carefully reconstructed and detailed account of the events leading up to the Russian annexation.

If Mr. Fisher's conclusions contain little that is startlingly new, his immensely detailed narrative provides plenty of evidence for his contention that the story of Russian-Tatar relations between 1768 and 1783 is one of a growing Russian awareness of Crimean realities and their increasing utilization of internal conflicts to bring about the final annexation. Before the 1760s the Russians had regarded the Crimeans as a powerful and unified vassal state of the Porte, neglecting the real disunity within the Khanate, the great difference between the settled Crimean Tata[rs] [...] nomadic Nogays and the [...] between the power of the [...] the power of the clans. [...] shows how Catherine and [...] ers came to appreciate [...] these differences and how [...] initial goals of the defence [...] southern frontier, the estab[lishment] [...] of free shipping on the [...] and the construction of a [...] port there were gradu[ally] [...] formed into a desire for [...] pendent" state in the C[...] finally (under pressure [...] borodko, Potemkin and [...] a desire for a "final sol[ution] [...] Crimean question".

While there is much [...] analysis of the conflicti[ng] [...] and points of view in bo[th] [...] and Ottoman governm[ent] [...] the core of Mr. Fisher['s] [...] the main contribution w[...] made to our knowledg[e] [...] standing of the period [...] account of the variou[s] [...] Crimean independence, [...] actions and mistakes of S[...] Catherine's puppet Kha[n] [...] Crimean chaos, Ottom[an] [...] defeat and overwhelmin[g] [...] victory, as Mr. Fisher ar[gues] [...] the outcome inevitable. [...] a welcome addition to [...] on eighteenth-century [...] will be essential readin[g] [...] of the formation of [...] Empire.

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Woman of words

The Journals of Anaïs Nin
Volume III: 1939-1944.
Edited and with a Preface by Gunther Stuhlmann.
327pp. Peter Owen. £2 15s.

This third selection from Miss Nin's *longum opus* begins in the winter of 1939 and ends in April, 1944, a period only haphazardly coincident with the duration of the Second World War in Europe. It is the inner story of her third confrontation with the United States, beginning with her departure (in a flying boat) from the Old World, "the end of our romantic life" and ending with what was far more important than such a triviality as V.E. Day: a notice of her self-printed *Under a Glass Bell* by Edmund Wilson in the April *New Yorker*, the first favourable review of her work since the publication of her *D. H. Lawrence: An Unprofessional Study* published in 1931. "My feeling of being merely a mysterious influence upon others ceased. I felt out in the daylight."

Miss Nin began writing her journals at the age of eleven in order to maintain contact with Joaquín Nin, the beloved musician father who had abandoned herself and her family. But it subsequently became an end in itself, a drug, an escape into a looking-glass world more surreal than actuality, a dream, a self-analysis, a message in which she could entertain her selves and friends' selves. Many of the entries are concerned with her thoughts about reading previous entries in other journals: and the freshness of the early sections of Volume Three may be due in part to the fact that she was forced to leave the bulk of her journals in a Paris bank-vault, taking merely a brace of brief-cases of recent diaries on the plane and entrusting a box of forty-five volumes to surface freight. "I wish I had all my diaries with me", she sighs en route, "for if we sink they would sink with me and no one would ever be hurt by the truth."

Truth is not the quality immediately apparent in this selection, certainly not the whole truth. At the end of Volume Two, we learnt that Miss Nin had a husband, who had been ordered back to the United States. "It was time to leave for New York. Alone I might have chosen to stay and share the war in France." In this volume, the husband has disappeared. She has an allowance (from the husband?) which is so inadequate to the cost of New York life that within twenty-four hours of its receipt it has gone. But, in spite of this, she maintains her Parisian role of patroness. Henry Miller has to be supplied with money to write books which even when commissioned are refused publication. The drunken Peruvian Marxist Gonzalo arrives accompanied by his crippled deaf hysterical wife and has to be found jobs and money when he fails to do them. A pack of new lame dogs gathers round her, among them were the beguiling Robert Duncan, the ungraciously demanding Kenneth Patchen, and George Barker

> with his dilated Celtic blue eyes, his brilliance and accuracy of mind, vivid talk, electric and fertile . . .

Miss Nin's portrait-sketches begin in observation and then take off into fancy, so that it is difficult to detect where intuition ends and invention begins:

> Caresse Crosby enters with the buoyancy of a powder puff, a caressing voice (was this how she gained the nickname of Caresse from Harry Crosby?), her fur hat, her eyelashes, her smile all glittery with animation. The word on her lips is always YES, and all her being says YES YES YES to all that is happening and all that is offered her. She trails behind her, like the plume of a peacock, a fabulous legend. She ran the Black Sun Press in Paris, knew D. H. Lawrence, Ezra Pound, André Breton, painters, writers. At the Quatre Arts Ball she once rode a horse as Lady Godiva.
>
> The life of certain women dresses them in anecdotes which become more visible than fur coats or silk dresses. Stories surround Caresse like a perfume, a necklace, a feather. She always seems fresher and younger than all the women there, because of her mobility, ease, flowingness. D. H. Lawrence would have called it her "livingness". A pollen carrier, I thought, as she mixed, stirred, brewed, concocted her friendships by a constant flux and reflux of activity, by curiosity, avidity, amorousness.

Effects are blunted by ignorance of when to stop. In the paragraph above, "a necklace, a feather" blur "like a perfume", and "clothes" would be more succinct than "fur coats or silk dresses", with the clumsy repetition of the word "dresses". Impressions and ambiguities can concentrate meanings; but often with Miss Nin there are, in Edmund Wilson's words, "passages which may suffer a little from an hallucinatory vein of writing which the Surrealists have overdone", a form of incantation less magical than mumbo-jumbo. This appears in assessment of her literary aspiration.

> *Winter of Artifice* is the pure essence of the personality, stripped of racial characteristics, time, place, the better to penetrate the innermost being, the deepest self. Description of states: insomnia, obsession, coldness, split. Because I myself was free and beyond nationalism, uprooted, and possessed of an X-ray of the inner life of others, as well as my own. Describe people as composed of climate, elements, race elements, foods they eat, animals they resemble, books they read. As layers, living in past, present or future, in ideas, dreams or daydreaming absent or preconscious, conscious, seeing themselves or blind, atrophied or superaware, and then all this must be stripped away in order to reach the subconscious essence which is a super-imposition of all these elements, in a web, a cellular inter-dependence.

Commercial publishers did not come rushing to print her *House of Incest* or *Winter of Artifice*. One advised her to write something with a beginning, a middle and an end, like *The Good Earth*. To secure publication she bought a press, handset *Winter of Artifice* and had it printed by Gonzalo in an edition of 300 copies.

> It was delivered all bound May fifteenth. The Gotham Book Mart gave a party for it. The book created a sensation by its beauty. The typography by Gonzalo, the engravings by Ian Hugo were unique. The bookshop was crowded. Otto Fuhrman, teacher of graphic arts at New York University, praised the book. Art galleries asked to carry it. I received orders from collectors, a letter from James Laughlin, offering me a review in *New Directions* by anyone I chose.
>
> I chose William Carlos Williams, because of my respect for his work. An unwise choice, alas. . . . He analyzed the book as biography, when it was a composite and presented as a novel. . . . When I wrote him gently about his misinterpretations, in time for changes, he was adamant.

In pretensions superb, bathetic in achievement, Miss Nin supplemented her exiguous allowance by writing erotica at a dollar a page for an anonymous pornophile called (foreshades of John Fowles) The Collector, who telephoned: "It is fine. But leave out the poetry and descriptions of anything but sex. Concentrate on sex." The examples she gives of her erotica have beginnings, middles and ends and are perhaps the most entertaining sections in the book, bizarre fantasies stripped of the introspective narcissism which mars the later sections, when Miss Nin, collapsing under the burden of indiscriminate patronage, goes for her third course of psychoanalytic treatment, this time with a woman analyst, Martha Jaeger:

> The process which takes place with Jaeger is one of flights into great depths and discoveries. She is helped by my articulateness, I am guided by her objectivity. She is inspired by the richness of my material, I am calmed and strengthened by her clairvoyance.

The cumulative impression of the Nin journals is greater than any of the volumes taken singly. So far we have had the years of struggle, the rejection of Anaïs Nin and her group as *avant gardistes*. But we have only reached Notebook Number 80. There are at least sixty more from which Mr. Gunther Stuhlmann has to make selections, another quarter of a century of diary-life in the course of which not merely the ideas for which she suffered, but impecunious old pals like Henry Miller and Lawrence Durrell will come to be received and recognized not merely at their own true value but even higher.

Man of deeds

IDA ALAMUDDIN:
Papa Kuenzler and the Armenians
168pp. Heinemann. £2 5s.

Kuenzler was a Swiss who went out to Urfa in Turkey as a member of a Protestant nursing order in 1895. He served there, later qualifying as a doctor, for twenty-five years, chiefly among the ravaged Armenian community.

For years the pawns in the power-politics of Persia, Russia and Turkey, the Armenians suffered increasing humiliations at the turn of the nineteenth century. In 1878, under the terms of the Treaty of Berlin, Great Britain committed Turkey to protect the Armenians and effect reforms on their behalf. This Turkey failed to do. Armenians asserted their civil rights and were countered with persecution and massacre. Thousands died. A Mission of Investigation remonstrated and recommended. Armed intervention is not the favoured weapon of sane men in recent history. But remonstrances do not stop massacres. That is the non-interventionists' dilemma. Mrs. Alamuddin makes her point: "Britain failed in its obligations to these people." During the First World War, Turkish policy was "the systematic extermination of Armenians still in Turkey"—a final solution. The analogy with Hitler's Germany is unavoidable. Two million Armenians, according to Mrs. Alamuddin, were killed or exiled.

Through all this terrible time Kuenzler and his wife worked in Turkey, keeping relief work going, accepting as patients and protégés Turks, Kurds and Circassians as well as Armenians. After the war, International Near East Relief gave them the job of evacuating thousands of Armenian orphans from Turkey and establishing an orphanage for them in Lebanon.

Kuenzler is presented as a saintly, dedicated person who never turned away anyone in need, who gave beggars the shirt off his back. His daughter-biographer describes him as a man of deeds, not words. But a catalogue of major and minor heroisms does not add up to an intelligible human being. One also feels uneasy about her technique of using direct speech to animate long-past confrontations. Is this really what was said? How do we know? After all, Mrs. Alamuddin was unborn or a child during many of the events described. The pedantic reader may regret the lack of documentation.

There seems to be a split in the book, explicit in its title—a split between the historical background, which is of burning interest and loaded with implications for small national groups, and the biographical foreground, which is personal and anecdotal. It is not quite satisfactory technically either as history or as biography. Here is food for thought, nevertheless. Spare a thought for the Armenians, and all persecuted minorities; spare a thought too for the unknown hundreds like Dr. Kuenzler who go and do something about it.

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Captive poet

ENID McLEOD:
Charles of Orleans, Prince and Poet
407pp. Chatto and Windus. £3 3s.

Most people interested in the period know the bare outlines of the story of Charles, Duke of Orleans, nephew of the feeble-witted Charles VI and father of the ambitious Louis XII of France. Most people know that it was the murder of Orleans's father that triggered off civil war and encouraged the English to renew their claims to the throne of France; that he was taken prisoner at Agincourt, kept captive in England for many years, and wrote a lot of poetry. Now those bare outlines may be filled in, vividly and memorably, by Miss McLeod's illuminating account of "this most human prince".

A glance at the first few pages might lead one to fear a dry and unimaginative work—containing as they do a list of chapters with dates for titles, a glossary, a note on the coinage, a note on primary sources and several genealogies. And the introduction may suggest that Miss McLeod's account will be unbalanced by excessive sympathy for her hero, especially when she says she finds it difficult to understand why he had to wait for three centuries after his death before the literary world of France became aware that in him they had "one of the rarest poets of the Middle Ages", as if any of the great medieval French poets—including giants like Turold, Chrétien de Troyes and Guillaume de Lorris—fared any better.

But fears of dryness are quickly proved empty. From the first page of the prologue (where we join a crowd of Parisians on a Sunday morning in the summer of 1389 to watch the solemn entry into her capital of the queen, Isabeau) right to the very last page of the final chapter (where we stand among a sad crowd in Blois to watch Charles's coffin being lowered into its grave) Miss McLeod vividly engages our attention. She has those gifts with which so many medieval writers were endowed; the gifts of seeing clearly what they describe, and of making their readers see it with equal clarity. She also has their ability to conjure up wide vistas or to paint portraits in very few words, together with their love of colourful detail and anecdote. This is not to say that her story lacks analyses or assessments of events, personalities and situations: indeed they abound, and usually one is struck by their shrewdness. Nor does her narrative meander or pause where it should not; it has clear direction and makes continuous progress. Many a biographer would have been tempted, no doubt, to write at far greater length about the battle of Agincourt or Joan of Arc, but three or four pages are all that Miss McLeod finds necessary.

That tendency to sympathize excessively with Charles, discernible in the prologue, does, at times, seem confirmed by the text, especially when Charles gives way under pressure, as he so often did, in things both great and small. Whatever justification Miss McLeod offers, there is something distasteful about the way he casts off his customary black "yielding to his cousin's whim", the way he jousts "very cordially" with Burgundy's brother or the way he rides on the same horse as Burgundy when his revenge on him is by no means accomplished. More serious, Miss McLeod's love for Charles makes her on occasion pass relatively lightly over some of his less admirable sides (such as his remarkable lack of concern, it seems, for his brother John immediately after his own release from captivity) and condemn faults in others relatively severely (such as the disrespectful letter John wrote to him largely as a result of his own negligence). It also leads her to make a few apparently inconsistent remarks, as when we are told on one page that "it was a *sad* anti-climax" for Charles "to be defrauded of fighting" and on the next that he was "by nature far more disposed to try to gain his ends by legitimate and pacific means rather than by warfare".

Similarly, Miss McLeod is too ready to take Charles at his word when he says repeatedly, during his long period of captivity, that he wants peace more than his own freedom; and too ready to believe that his efforts to be reconciled with Burgundy were entirely for the good of France, although we have Charles's own statement—

> Je hé la guerre, point ne la doy prisier,
> Destourbé m'a long temps. . . .

—and Hue de Lannoy's, that Charles "answered us that he was in good bodily health, but that he was distressed because he was spending the best part of his life in prison". In this connexion, Miss McLeod might have seen Charles's poem to Burgundy—in which he wrote:

> Pour ce que je suis a present
> Avec la gent vostre ennemie,
> Il faut que je face semblant,
> Faignant que je ne vous ayme mie

—in a more unfavourable light than she does. To be fair, she admits (though rather late in the day) that not to say what he really thought "was a principle which did in general guide him".

But this fault, if it is a fault, is slight and unimportant in a very carefully researched, very considerable work which is often moving and always engaging because of Miss McLeod's great enthusiasm for the period, the prince and the poet. She has every student of fifteenth-century France deeply in her debt.

Selective humanism

FRANCO SIMONE:
The French Renaissance
Translated by H. Gaston Hall. 335pp. Macmillan. £3 15s.

The autobiographical forewords of Professor Franco Simone's works reveal how, concerned at first with the pre-history of the Pléiade, he was almost unwillingly forced back towards a study of the earliest manifestations of Petrarchan humanism in France. What he discovered there was the importance of the cyclical theory of history and a growing national consciousness in the French humanists. The result was *La Coscienza della Rinascita negli umanisti francesi* (1949) which testified to the humanists' sense of what amounted to a divine mission to restore in France, together with medieval glories, the values and attitudes of classical antiquity. Even Calvin, in his *Contre l'astrologie*, could couple "the pure knowledge of God's heavenly doctrine" as a gift of God to his generation with the resuscitation of "the arts and sciences in their totality".

Even more important, however, was the thesis elaborated in *Il Rinascimento francese* (1961) that the humanist originality of the neglected fifteenth century in France preserved a relative independence of Italy and a close continuity with the French Middle Ages. Professor Simone demonstrates that the assimilation of Italian humanism was selective and purposeful and that what was taken was also changed in accordance with national needs. With what he describes as this "staging-post" in the exploration of the French Renaissance and such subsequent works as *Umanesimo, Rinascimento, Barocco in Francia* (1968), Professor Simone has become the acknowledged doyen of French Renaissance studies, if not indeed of French cultural history *tout court*.

The impact of Professor Simone and his pupils, as much as the nature of the subject itself, are such that professional scholars of the French Renaissance have had no alternative but to acquire a reading knowledge of Italian. Dr. Hall, a close friend and collaborator of Professor Simone on *Studi Francesi*, has therefore correctly decided that this English presentation of the central Simone thesis should be directed not so much to dons as to students.

It is a faithful translation of the more general half of the now classic *Il Rinascimento francese*. The other half, on the meaning of the term "Renaissance", has been replaced by the translation of a short essay by Professor Simone on the same theme here presented as an "introduction". The over-numerous footnotes have been simplified and partly transferred to the text. Latin quotations have generally been relegated to the footnotes now printed at the back. Professor Simone has approved of the whole translation and edition.

If anything, scholarly scruple has prevented the adaptation from going far enough. Professor Simone writes with expansive bonhomie and considerable charm, but his style is nothing if not allusive, and the allusions, especially to earli[er] ... ars, are wide-ranging. The ... sionals will savour the ... evocation of prewar R... studies in Paris, but the ... whom this volume is destin[ed] ... likely to be familiar ... people, the places, or the ... the reigning "medievalist" ... tion that nothing very m[uch hap]pened in the Renaissance ... not happened before. And, ... the footnotes in the Italian ... were very detailed, they ... least easier to find than ... now. It is unreasonable to ... of a reader that he should ... ber the number of the chap[ter he is] reading, and it is surely per[missible for] a translator to go to such le[ngths to] adapt a text for students ... arranging for his publisher ... attention to such points.

But it would be churlish ... on the difficulties which ... professional a presentation ... powerful view and original ... cal technique must present ... faithfully translated, in what ... aptation. *Il Rinascimento fr[ancese]* ... not only a classic in its own ... but it has already borne a[bundant] fruit in a generation of fine ... all over the world who ha[ve fol]lowed up in detail the pa[ths indi]cated by Professor Simone ... well worth the while of any ... of the French Renaissance ... come whatever residual diff[iculties] of presentation may remain, ... perience the full impact of ... sor Simone's persuasiveness ... is what this volume succe[eds in] communicating.

Cosmopolitan century

CHRISTOPHER BROOKE:
The Twelfth Century Renaissance
216pp. Thames and Hudson. 35s. (Paperback, 21s.).

To present in a brief essay the cultural development of a period of time, to seek to portray its most characteristic features and their relationships, is to undertake a difficult genre indeed. Professor Brooke has seen in his contribution to the "Library of European Civilization" not the task of compiling an introductory manual but the opportunity of discussing those aspects of cultural achievement which he has found particularly interesting. The reader must resign himself to doing without background information on the social, economic and political milieu, for it would clearly be impracticable to give this within the available space. Yet this makes it all the more difficult to achieve the feat which fuses all in a memorable compelling vision, the vision of a Henry Adams, a Burckhardt, a Huizinga, a G. M. Young. By these standards—and such judgments are peculiarly subjective and hard to justify in rational terms—this essay cannot be counted a success.

Nevertheless the central, striking points about West European culture in the twelfth century—its cosmopolitanism, the breadth of the interests of leading individuals—are well made and illustrated. Professor Brooke allots much of his longest chapter, indeed one-third of the book, to the visual arts and, although the difficulty of linking these with intellectual and literary culture does make itself clear, the chapter benefits greatly from the emergence of a leading theme, the respective roles in architecture of patrons and master-masons. This is only one of a number of matters which are treated both interestingly and convincingly, yet one is left with a doubt about the wisdom of giving so comparatively little space to vernacular literature other than German; Provençal literature, for example, makes no appearance.

In the last analysis it is of course the cast of the author's mind and his manner which conveys unity to such a topic. Professor Brooke's writing is fluent rather tha[n pro]found, he is a suave expositor ... than an anxious wrestler wi[th prob]lems. His turn of mind i[s] ... logical and a characteristic ... is Anselm's attempt "to blo[w away] the cobwebs which surround ... doctrine of the Atonement ... has chosen his numerous ... tions with great skill to illust[rate his] points, they are well reprodu[ced and] their sources are meticulous[ly indi]cated. Is it ungrateful to w[ish] they had all stood together ... tainly it is easier to follow a[n argu]ment when the text is not con[stantly] broken up, as it is here, by fu[ll-] and half-page illustrations.

Whether or not the ... achievements of the twelfth ... are well described as a ... sance", it is surely mis[leading to] write of them as a "mo[vement]". This word is used more ... by Professor Brooke, yet ... does not employ it in th[e] ... sense, in the way in which ... be applied to a cohesive ... artistic movement. That is ... reason why it is so difficult ... unity to a treatment of these ... achievements.

Rising wages, rising dissent

F. R. H. DU BOULAY:
An Age of Ambition
English Society in the Late Middle Ages.
192pp. Nelson. £2 2s.

The underlying purpose of this attractive little book is to demolish a "general concept" still apparently propounded by some writers of textbooks". These, it would seem, are concerned to condemn the later Middle Ages for being "a remnant of days and ways that lay torpidly awaiting something entirely new". Whether such delusions are as prevalent as Professor Du Boulay suggests may be disputed; but his brief survey is none the less stimulating, and it is with some bravado that he entitles his analysis of English [illegible] Black Death and the advent of Henry VIII *An Age of Ambition*. [illegible] economic [illegible] not live by bread alone", he remarks, "bread still comes first"; and he adds that this idea is "central to the argument". Thus it is natural for him to begin by describing how the Black Death accelerated a movement which elevated wages in relation to the basic cost of living, and to conclude with the year 1510 when real wages began to fall for the first time ...

Professor Du Boulay's treatment of his subject as a whole is not however as arid as the introductory chapter might lead us to fear, for those which follow supply admirable accounts of the attitudes of the age towards such subjects as class, marriage, sex, and the nature of authority. Everywhere in this time of change, moreover, there can be observed movements of criticism and protest. Serfs were protesting against their bondage, the bourgeoisie was complaining of the aristocracy, and "almost everyone" was critical of "an entrenched clergy who operated a religi[on which] appeared formalistic and ... endowed".

It is thus that in his c[losing] chapters Professor Du Bo[ulay ap]proaches the subject of the ... life of England during th[e four]teenth and fifteenth centu[ries] ... properly, in his cool analy[sis of the] apparatus of religion, he ... detect any evidence of ... "corruption", and it is ... sympathetic insight that he ... what he terms the flight fr[om intel]lect. "Much of what was ... religious life of the age", ... cludes, "was in tune with ... yet obscurantist attitude ..." ... ment is perhaps overst[ated] ... here as elsewhere Pro[fessor Du] Boulay writes from a ... ledge of the evidence, ... and apposite quotation ... inal sources are in fact the ... in his book, which is ... with well-chosen and ... illustrations.

CR **Bulletin**
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[Ov]er the wall and through the curtain

[SEAN BOUR]KE:
[The Springing] of George Blake
[Cass]ell. £2 2s.

[...] captivity is of perennial [interest; ev]eryone is to some extent [...] and for those who break [...] if they have previously [...] there is something of the [...] that awakens the [...] desire to shelter the [...] the present book is to be [...] affords a striking example [...]

[...]rke, nearing the end of a term of imprisonment at Wormwood Scrubs—the very name inspires sympathy for the inmates—met the Russian agent George Blake, and, for motives which appear to have been purely humane, decided to engineer the latter's escape from the prospect of some thirty years more of incarceration. When Blake's relatives failed to provide the working capital for the enterprise, a young married couple with children, friends of Bourke, undertook to raise the money and also to harbour Blake. Another friend came into the scheme. When Blake was injured after coming over the wall, a doctor came to attend him, asked no questions and took no fee. The ready cooperation of these disinterested and apparently otherwise law-abiding people was one of the major factors in the success of the coup.

The other major factor was the resourcefulness and resolution of Seán Bourke. He devised and executed the plan, maintained radio-contact with Blake in prison, found hide-outs, attracted help, and, after his married friends had smuggled the spy into East Germany, followed him across the Iron Curtain to Moscow, lived in Russia for two years at the expense of the authorities and then contrived to make his way to Dublin.

If the details of the escape itself are fascinating, the story of Bourke's sojourn with Blake and the K.G.B. in Russia is even more so. The classic security mania, which so lavishly permits the concentration of skilled personnel for purposes of minimal significance, the weirdly uneven surveillance, with its alternating good nature and arbitrary inflexibility, the friendliness and the fear, together with the deadly boredom that seizes the Westerner in the communist world, are of a piece with Tsarist tradition. Nothing could be more curiously characteristic of the whole business than the fact, for which the publishers vouch, that the manuscript written by Bourke in Moscow was eventually restored to him in Dublin, after being confiscated by the K.G.B. It had been heavily censored but still constituted valuable material for the book which now appears. Bourke's own release from Russian custody, mildly Kafkaesque, fits in, too.

Is the story true? It has the ring of truth, allowance being made for reconstituted dialogue. Whatever talents Mr. Bourke may have had as an offender against the law (he admits that at the age of thirty-two he had served nine years in penal institutions), he is by no means without literary talent. His shaping of the narrative is simple and workmanlike, his style fluent and plain, and his descriptive sense gives the book a graphic background. The treatment of the deterioration of Blake's character from the moment of the escape is done with a novelist's skill.

Much has been said of a censorious nature about the commercial publication of the writings of persons who have broken the law or led spectacularly immoral lives. The fact remains that such matters have always enthralled those who walk in more orthodox ways. Humanism dictates that whatever is human should be accessible to human minds. Mr. Bourke's doings must be censured, but they will also be admired—as Jack Sheppard's were—and it might be pleaded that he has paid no small part of his debt by telling this remarkable tale. At least prison security has been improved as a result of his exploits.

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Confessions

BARBARA CARR:
Spy in the Sun
255pp. Allan Wingate-Baker. 35s.

In 1967 it was learnt that the South African police had arrested Yuri Loginov, who admitted to being an officer of the principal Russian intelligence organization, the K.G.B. Two sets of people could feel a certain pleasure at the news. The South African authorities were thrilled to capture a real live Russian agent as a belated vindication of the 1950 Suppression of Communism Act, the vast majority of whose white victims hitherto had been the palest of liberals; opponents of apartheid and African nationalists could presumably derive a corresponding satisfaction from the thought that Russia was at last taking an active hand in the affairs of the Republic. Neither would have been wholly justified. It soon became apparent that Loginov was a junior officer whose presence in South Africa was of no special significance; he had been assigned to work in America and his visit to South Africa, which was originally intended to last only three months, was for the purpose of acquiring a background there before going on to his "target country". While in South Africa he never dreamed of subversion and, as for espionage, all he did, to keep himself from boredom, was to send home by letter some items gleaned from the local radio and newspapers.

The Russians, true to form, have published nothing on the subject, but it would be too much to expect the South African authorities to pass up the opportunity, and they accordingly handed over to Miss Barbara Carr, a journalist, the full record of Loginov's interrogation. She "makes no claim to be knowledgeable in Intelligence matters", but she has a schoolgirl-like admiration for the "very tall" men of the South African Special Branch with their unwavering green eyes and is prepared to pen a fervent eulogy of apartheid. She sketches out a history of conflict between black and white since 1960 which for some reason deprives the South African Police, whom she calls "much-maligned", of the battle-honour of Sharpeville but ends with the comforting thought that the much-maligned ones are getting right on top of the terrorists and the "Bantu" are coming to love separate development. This is the sort of stuff that South Africans love to read and to repeat to their friends.

Miss Carr writes very carelessly, with a particular disregard for the spelling of proper names. Russian names are absurdly and persistently misspelt, but she is just as bad with French, German or Portuguese. There is also a fair amount of plain negligence, including both omission and repetition of passages in the text. The fictional scenes, which she admits to having put in "purely for entertainment", are usually very cloying. What does make for entertainment are the brief, incongruous extracts from guide-books which she inserts when Loginov visits cities such as Frankfurt or Istanbul; in Alexandria, according to her, he was privileged to be the first person in a millennium and a half to visit the Pharos. But Miss Carr is not strong on history: she appears to think that Loginov's arrest was only a few months, not fourteen years, after Stalin's death.

Nevertheless, for all its faults of construction, there is some value in the book. Loginov in his lengthy interrogations appears to have experienced total recall and to have told all he knew, at enormous length, about his family, his friends, and his service. Not all Miss Carr's efforts at fiction can conceal the basic authenticity of the story. Here, then, are more than 200 pages on the life of a young Russian, a member of the privileged classes, intelligent and trusted. There is not much that is new about his training, or about Russian methods of espionage—nor was he much of a success—but there is a lot that is significant about Soviet society and the outlook of the young.

After two years and much autobiography Loginov found himself on the way to Berlin to be exchanged for eleven (says Miss Carr, her publishers say ten) German spies. She adduces this apparently extravagant price as evidence of his importance, but it seems more likely that his chiefs were anxious to get him back to make an example of him for his loquacity.

Defamations

H. MONTGOMERY HYDE:
Their Good Names
406pp. Hamish Hamilton. £3 3s.

Mr. Montgomery Hyde presents a dozen defamation cases which came before courts between 1864 and 1959. Some are well known, for instance the action brought by Whistler against John Ruskin (damages of one farthing for strong words about a painting) and the Tanby Croft affair. There is one interesting Irish case, Travers v. Wilde, in which the defendant was Oscar Wilde's mother, though his father had to be joined as co-defendant because in 1864 a husband was in law responsible for his wife's torts. In fact, much of what was canvassed at the trial turned on Sir William Wilde's conduct, as the plaintiff alleged that he had raped her. The jury valued her virtue at a farthing. Another case described by the author is R. v. Parke, a prosecution for criminal libel arising out of allegations made in the *North London Press* that the Earl of Euston was implicated in homosexual happenings in a male brothel in Cleveland Street. The editor was sent to prison for twelve months. Among the celebrated causes described is Wright v. Gladstone (which vindicated the reputation of the Prime Minister) and Liberace v. Daily Mirror Newspapers Ltd. and Connor. Mr. Montgomery Hyde starts his book with a fairly detailed account of the development of the law of defamation. He is a lively and well-informed chronicler.

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THE TIMES

T·L·S

69th Year 11 JUNE 1970 No. 3,563

Commentary

The recent Nice Book Fair ended, as is the way with such Mediterranean galas, in the distribution of prizes; in this case Golden Eagles for deserving books and authors. These awards were decided by the special juries convoked by the organizers, but in adding its own prize or "special mention" to the chosen list of large birds the municipality of Nice contrived, appropriately, to lay a large egg. Its prize went to the country of Mexico for its "support for Peace", as exemplified in the publication of an album commemorating the 1968 Olympic Games in Mexico City.

When it comes to proving support for peace, events may of course have more to say than close-ups of straining athletes, and the citation of Nice's "special mention" must seem thoroughly offensive to anyone who recalls the events that preceded the Olympic Games in Mexico, when an unknown number of students and other demonstrators were shot in clashes with the police. A reminder of this warlike act of repression reached us this week, in the form of a declaration from the editors of *El Corno Emplumado*, a Mexican literary review which ceased publication last July.

El Corno Emplumado was a bilingual (in English and Spanish) poetry review whose original philosophy was neo-Ginsbergian and in favour of a genial cultural communion between North, Central and South America. By 1968 about a third of its income came from various subsidies which it was getting from the Mexican government. When it protested against the government's brutal drive to impose cohesion on Mexico in time for the Olympic Games, the subsidies were withdrawn. *El Corno Emplumado* brought out two more issues, with the help of an independent publishing house in Mexico City; according to the editors, these issues "clearly demonstrated our position as a revolutionary magazine". Subsequently, they say that they were harassed by the Mexican police and finally abandoned their home.

Its editors—who do not say where they now are—still think that they may bring out a final issue of *El Corno Emplumado* or even revive it elsewhere. The town of Nice no doubt did quite well out of its Book Fair; it might now distinguish itself in a more enlightened way than before by offering *El Corno Emplumado* a small subsidy.

* * *

There has just been a major convulsion in the publishing industry in France: Gallimard, the largest and best of French publishers, whose list of authors is imposing almost to the point of monopoly, have broken with Hachette, who have distributed Gallimard's books throughout the world since 1932. The current agreement between the two firms will end next year and Gallimard, in an adventurous and nowadays uncommon gesture of autonomy, will start distributing their books themselves. Happily for the inquisitive, their concordat with Hachette has been ended with evident ill-will and some of the terms on which it operated have been criticized with unusual candour by Claude Gallimard.

In 1956, when the contract was renewed, the costs of distribution by Hachette came to 48.77 per cent of the selling price of any particular book. Earlier this year, when another renewal was being negotiated, this percentage would have been increased, if Gallimard had accepted the terms, to 52.16 per cent, which they thought was unnecessarily high, since the selling price of books in France has more or less kept up with other price rises and with costs.

M. Gallimard has also aired other causes for his dissatisfaction. By one clause of the agreement with Hachette, dating back to the days in the 1930s when Gallimard was a smaller firm without very much capital, Hachette agreed to take 75 per cent of the new titles published in any one year in a first printing of less than 3,000 copies, but at the end of 12 months any copies that they had not managed to sell could be returned to the publisher and replaced by prestigious back titles that would be bound to sell.

It has indeed been a common criticism of Gallimard that they make all their money out of Proust, Gide, Sartre, Camus and many other titans who sell freely without having to be promoted. But M. Gallimard's criticisms of Hachette suggest that if his firm's new books have not been selling as well as the old ones it is the fault of the distributor and not the publisher. His own figures of the proportion of new and old books published by his firm contradict starkly others that have been bandied about by commentators in the past week or two: according to him, 64 per cent of Gallimard's turnover comes from new books, including new books by old authors, and 77 per cent of the books Gallimard actually print are new titles. Ideally, he would no doubt like the first percentage to move closer to the second one, but the figures he has given are honourable ones.

Jealousy of Gallimard's size and success has led to some gloating predictions of trouble for them, once they are deprived of Hachette's capital. One suggestion is that they will have to work harder [...] new writers of merit, but [...] looks logical. If Gallim[...] suffered, as they say they h[...] the hidebound methods of th[...] butors in marketing their ne[...] then this side of their bus[...] certainly to improve once [...] taken it over themselves. An[...] mard can promise dynamic [...] puterized salesmen to [...] authors, as well as the p[...] their imprint, they should [...] ger and better still.

* * *

Who, one wonders, will be [...] in the pack at this year's [...] International (opening on [...] at the Queen Elizabeth Ha[...] years ago, a blasé, grinn[...] knowledgeable Malcolm Mu[...] tied (showbizwise) with All[...] berg, and there were strong [...] ing acts from William Emp[...] John Berryman. In 1969, [...] ing was left to the blanketed [...] Bly, whose laborious cavorti[...] rhythms of blank protes[...] could have been choreogr[...] someone from the C.I.A. T[...] the cast seems by contra[...] tame. W. H. Auden and [...] Spender have appeared bef[...] seemed to have no taste for [...] and names like Thom Gun[...] Porter, Allen Tate and Caroly[...] promise little in the way o[...] tiating antics. Of the four [...] eleven) "international" po[...] do not write in English, Günte[...] and Pier Paolo Pasolini see[...] worth betting on, though bo[...] sufficiently adulated already [...] have to work for their applaus[...] this seems true also of Te[...] Williams, though he—along [...] Grass and Pasolini—may [...] fired into something charis[...] he is handed the apologetic [...] which informs us that, in spite [...] relative obscurity as poets [...] three . . . profess a consistent [...] for the art of poetry, which th[...] expressed in several volu[...] poems".

Between you and me . . . and them

ALAN F. WESTIN:
Privacy and Freedom
487pp. Bodley Head. £3 3s.

The invasion of privacy through the great variety of "bugging" devices placed at our disposal by modern science has, like almost everything else, gone much further in the United States than in this country. There is plenty of evidence, moreover, to suggest that America may be on the eve of yet another "technological breakthrough" in this murky field of anti-human endeavour. Before many years have passed, electronic recording, unsuspected by the victim, of unspoken thoughts may be possible. When this is universalized and the results stored in and analysed by a gigantic (or perhaps even miniaturized) central computer, we shall presumably have reached the ultimate in social "organization". It would take an imagination even more perceptive and prophetic than George Orwell's to envisage the full horror of the situation.

The purpose of Professor Westin's book is to alert us to the danger and—more importantly—to show how we can avert it. In successive chapters he documents the present state of play in America, dealing with the manifold physical, psychological and "data" surveillance techniques currently in use by public authorities, private agencies and prurient-minded individuals. As Graham Greene has written, it is a "nightmare picture". Unfortunately, it is not overdrawn, for Professor Westin is no sensational journalist but a most painstaking scholar—painstaking, in fact, almost to the point of dullness. From time to time he lifts a corner of the curtain that mercifully conceals the dreadful details of an extrapolated future. In his last two chapters he makes a series of well-conceived proposals designed to ensure that this future shall never happen.

Hell is indeed other people. In the absence of the possibility of living a private life, on those occasions when one wants to live it, civilization as we have known it virtually ceases to exist, and the individual develops psychological disorders of the most damaging kind. Yet—and here's the rub—society has the right to demand that certain activities which the individual would prefer to conceal shall be brought out into the open. In particular, bugging devices have become essential to police work if crime is to be detected and prevented, while computer-stored information about individuals is becoming one of the indispensable technological foundations of the welfare state. The problem, therefore, is not how to close the prying eye, to stop up the all-too-curious ear, and to disrupt the mechanical memory, but to ensure that the eye looks in the right direction only, that the ear listens selectively, and that the memory receives nothing that it has no legitimate reason to retain.

These are nice distinctions, as Professor Westin himself recognizes. His means of making them, which include legislation, judicial interpretation, ombudsman-type investigation, and the development of professional standards, are adapted to the American context. In the U.S.A. they have become urgent, but the fact that they are not yet quite so urgent here does not absolve us from the need to consider them; for one is only too aware that America's problem of today is Britain's of tomorrow.

One would have wished that Mr. Louis Blom-Cooper, who contributes a foreword to this book, had said more about the relevance to Britain of Professor Westin's specific proposals. He rightly says that "the American experience should not be too readily relied upon", and also indicates that in this country, as in the U.S.A., the courts are rather belatedly developing judicial doctrine to meet the requirements of a novel and menacing situation. His main concern, however, appears to be with the invasion of privacy by the press, which is an old issue rather than a new one. While this remains important, it is to be hoped that the more up-to-date and more sinister methods of stripping the citizen naked will become subject to stringent legislation and judicial control long before they have reached the frightening proportions that they have assumed on the other side of the Atlantic. What we need is the British equivalent of a Professor Westin to tell us what to do.

There are a few fairly obvious candidates for the job, of whom perhaps the most promising is Professor Harry Street, a defender of the citizen's liberties wh[...] Professor Westin, combines [...] with vigour. What he or an[...] pioneer in this field would [...] a research apparatus of th[...] that was at Professor Westi[...] posal. With his research pr[...] by the Special Committee on [...] and Law of the Bar of the [...] New York, Professor Westin [...] to have lacked neither fun[...] expert assistance. The like[...] one imagines, be forthcom[...] any corresponding body [...] country; but we do have [...] Commission, which could [...] vided with the public res[...] do an equally effective job [...] *and Freedom* may be recom[...] to the Commissioners as [...] reading. It should be mark[...] Immediate Action".

Stop Press List

Newspapers are news. And books about newspapers are news. Certainly this has been our experience with **The Press We Deserve**, edited by Richard Boston, published two weeks ago, £1 15s. Some papers and commentators on radio and television have got very hot under the collar at this forceful critique of contemporary journalism. And some of our other recent books have been attracting a good deal of attention. Dublin welcomed **Jack B. Yeats: A Biography**, by Hilary Pyle, £5 5s. and Skye welcomed **Skye** by Derek Cooper, £3 10s. Needless to say, readers of the TLS all over the world will find these books equally entertaining and informative.

ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN PAUL

Truman's Secretary of State

[...] ACHESON:
[...] at the Creation
[...] Years in the State Department.
[...] Hamish Hamilton. £5 5s.

[...] LONG, amply (some might [...]y too amply) detailed, master[...]fully authoritative, and totally [...] book makes its appear[...] in London at a wryly apposite [...]ent; in the immediate after[...] of a warlike move in Ameri[...] foreign policy by the President [...] on his own initiative as Com[...]der-in-Chief of the armed forces [...] Republic, without more than [...]al consultation with his Secre[...] of State or his Secretary of [...]ce, and without any prior [...]ation at all to the Congress, [...]ich, under the Constitution of [...] United States, is reserved the [...] to make or not to make war [...] another (in this case neutral) [...]try.

[...] for recent American policies [...] strategy in South-East Asia as [...], a reader of Mr. Acheson's [...] on Indo-China who is not [...] to remember the events of 1950- [...] when American support of the [...] amounted to 40 per cent of [...] budget and the end was still [...] Bien Phu, might easily imagine [...] reading an account of Mr. [...]'s involvement in Vietnam. [...] situations", reported Mr. [...] Ohly of the Department of [...] to his Secretary in 1950, "have [...] of snowballing."

[...] main reason, however, why [...]cheson's record of his twelve [...] in the State Department is [...] as well as historically impor[...] for its picture of the working [...]ship, in the foremost country [...] world, between the President [...] his Secretary of State (i.e., for [...] Affairs). Mr. Acheson modi[...] the commonly accepted notion [...] President Eisenhower left foreign [...] entirely to John Foster Dulles [...] the reminder that in the early [...] of his first administration (say [...]-1954) foreign policy depended [...] on the retrenching decisions [...] Secretary of the Treasury, [...] Humphrey: Dulles's resul[...] "rationalization of necessity", [...] the shape of massive nuclear [...] to acts of Soviet aggres[...] (more bang for a buck), earns [...] comment that "as a policy it was [...]table, outmoded when enun[...] and profoundly disturbing to [...] and to our relations with [...]". During the latter part of the [...] administration, too, it often [...] to Americans as well as to [...] of the world, as if Secretary [...] Defence McNamara carried [...] weight in the President's deci[...] on foreign policy than did his [...]tary of State.

[...] such modifications it is still [...] true that during the past fifty [...] or so most Presidents have [...] taken charge of United States [...] policy themselves—Wilson, [...], Kennedy—relegating to [...] Secretary of State (whether Lan[...], Stettinius or Rusk) the duty of [...] them into effect (or, in the [...] of Roosevelt and Cordell Hull, [...] Hull's immense prestige with [...] Senate to secure acceptance by [...] Congress of his more daring [...]. Coolidge, Hoover and [...]hower, by contrast (is it a coin[...] that they were all Repub[...], remembering Theodore [...], perhaps it is), leant heavily [...] understandably so, on the State [...]ment, and none of them, in [...] important issues, more than [...] on Dulles, despite Mr. [...]'s qualification for the early [...] Englishmen, anyway, will [...] Dulles's damaging [...] in the early stages [...] Suez crisis and the [...] so uncritical swallow[...] the Dulles line that, after [...] conceived and ill-fated Anglo-[...] strike in 1956 ("if it [...] when 'tis done, then 'twere [...] done quickly", wrote [...] Lippmann after the first, [...] how right he was), he sent [...] to Coventry for [...]

[...] differences of approach [...] relationship may repeat [...] future administra[...] adding Mr. Acheson's [...] widespread specula[...] of Stettinius's appointment in 1944 to succeed Hull, that

the President would be—or perhaps would continue to be—as they expressed it "his own Secretary of State", a most misleading phrase. The President cannot be Secretary of State; it is inherently impossible in the nature of both positions. What he can do, and has often done with unhappy results, is to prevent anyone else being Secretary of State.

Englishmen may recall that the same sort of thing was said about Mr. Macmillan's appointment of Sir Alec Douglas-Home, who turned out to be one of the best Foreign Secretaries of the century.

Mr. Acheson's first hundred pages are devoted to "The Years of Learning"; and during his years as Assistant Secretary under Roosevelt (1941-1945) the narrative of events, as seen from Foggy Bottom—Lend-Lease, aid to Russia, economic warfare (deadlocks broken in Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal), F.A.O., U.N.R.R.A., Bretton Woods, the evolution of a bipartisan foreign policy—constantly, if unemphatically, illustrates the steady improvement of the machinery (and the men to mind it) for keeping the President well advised and the Congress well informed on matters of immediate or imminent concern to the foreign policies of the United States.

Thus, when in August, 1945, after a very brief return to private life and subsequent to the new President's mistaken decision to end Lend-Lease, the author accepted Mr. Truman's summons to return to the State Department as Under-Secretary to Secretary James F. Byrnes—a post he was to hold for two years, constantly deputizing for his chief in those days of international congresses—he was in a position to construct the foundation of that relationship with the chief executive which was to come to so remarkable a fruition during what he calls "The Years of Responsibility": the years between 1949, when he succeeded General Marshall as Secretary of State, and January 16, 1953, when the Democrats, after twenty years in office, handed over the conduct of affairs to the Republican administration of President Eisenhower.

At the conclusion of a review in the *TLS* (July 21, 1961) of Mr. Acheson's *Sketches from Life*—admirable impressions of many men who find their proper places in the present narrative: Ernest Bevin, Robert Schuman, Senator Vandenberg, Sir Winston Churchill, Konrad Adenauer, General Marshall—it was noted that

one star performer has remained largely in the background: Mr. Harry S Truman, to whom his Secretary of State was linked by bonds of peculiar intimacy and regard. We must hope that the artfully casual limner is reserving that sparkling personality for a full-length portrait later.

Present at the Creation (Alfonso X of Spain once said that if he had been so present he would have given the Creator some useful hints for the better ordering of the universe) is not a "portrait" of Mr. Truman. It is in some sense, as any memoirs must be (and as *Morning and Noon* was for his earlier years), a self-portrait of its author: a man of style and a man of feeling, forcible but urbane; an aristocratic, sometimes an autocratic, intelligence; not suffering fools gladly, but knowing when they must be suffered; generous in appreciation and austere in dispraise; judicious (but with the humanity of those great jurists Louis Brandeis, as whose law clerk he started work, of Felix Frankfurter, his devoted friend, of Oliver Wendell Holmes, their communal paragon); witty, shrewd, perspicacious; resolute in adversity and disdainful of political abuse (of which from 1951 to 1954 he had a bellyful, even by American standards); endowed with apparently inexhaustible stamina under a persistently grinding burden of work, usually at high tension—"tension", Mr. Acheson once remarked in another context, "is bad for people with weak nerves, but very little is ever accomplished without it".

Present at the Creation is not a portrait gallery; it is history, as recalled by one *quorum pars magna fuit*; and recalled in full recognition that "the element of self-justification could not be excluded". The panorama of twelve eventful years does indeed include a number of neat thumbnail-sketches—Secretaries Edward Stettinius and James F. Byrnes, Bernard Baruch, Henry Wallace, Senator Donnell, George F. Kennan, Lord Halifax, Vyshinsky, Nehru, Mossadeq (all etched in acid), an occasional fire-cracker ("that ambivalent Jeremiah of the press, Walter Lippmann"), and a much larger number of appreciative estimates—Henry L. Stimson, Maynard Keynes, Herbert Hoover, Will Clayton (virtually forgotten as the adumbrator of the Marshall Plan), Lord Avon, Ernest Bevin, Lord Franks (whose private relationship with the Secretary of State seems to have been almost as intimate as that between Lord Harlech and President Kennedy), Senator Tom Connally, Paul Nitze, John J. McCloy, Averell Harriman, Carlisle H. Humelsine, Luke Battle, and a dozen more friends and colleagues.

The most substantial of Mr. Acheson's character sketches is, not unexpectedly, of that great man, General Marshall, whom he first served and later succeeded in the Department of State:

The moment he entered a room everyone in it felt his presence. It was a striking and communicated force. His figure conveyed intensity, which his voice, low, staccato, and incisive, reinforced. It compelled respect. It spread a sense of authority and of calm.

It was Marshall's habit, when some meeting was engaged in "kicking a problem around", to say: "Don't fight the problem, gentlemen. Decide it!" When Harvard gave him an honorary degree, President Conant's citation described Marshall as "an American to whom freedom owes an enduring debt of gratitude, a soldier and statesman whose ability and character brook only one comparison in the history of our nation". Mr. Acheson, concurring in the view that "no other American in our history can be imagined who could have taken over command from General Washington at Valley Forge", adds that it was, indeed, an act of God that made General Marshall chief adviser to the President and head of the State Department "in the no less critical winter of 1947".

Certain it is, and not to Americans only, that General Marshall's special quality of disciplined wisdom, his unswerving loyalty to the President, his total dedication to the best interests not only of the great Republic but of the whole comity of nations, and his unassuming personal dignity constituted a combination of the classic Roman virtues remarkable in the hierarchy of the Western world during a half-century well furnished with outstanding personalities. True it is also that in the memoirs of Mr. Truman and now of Mr. Acheson the most heartfelt recognition of those great qualities of mind and spirit is abundantly apparent. Yet to many thoughtful readers of *Present at the Creation* a prime interest, throughout the narrative of the seven years of Mr. Acheson's tenure of the offices of Under-Secretary and then Secretary of State under Mr. Truman's direction, will be focused on the relationship between these two men.

The student of politics will be mainly concerned with the formal and functional relationship that was developed between a Secretary of State and a President of the United States: something which has always been, is today (perhaps particularly), and will always be, a matter of grave concern, for its results, not only to America but also to the rest of the world. On page after page, through crisis after crisis, we find evidence here of the intimate and understanding cooperation between the two: in appraisal, in deliberation, in preparation (domestic as well as international) for action, and finally in the execution of American foreign policy. The mobilized talents of the State Department (in particular its Policy Planning Committee) and of its representatives abroad contribute smoothly to the formulation of the Secretary's advice to the President. Each punctiliously respected the essential difference between their two roles: not for nothing did Mr. Truman keep a plaque on his desk reading, "The buck stops here." The President repaid this loyalty with an equally absolute loyalty in return, not least when things were going badly, as they often did in those troubled years, or when the decision taken turned out, as it sometimes did (Mr. Acheson is a candid critic), to be misconceived: "When things went wrong, he took the blame; when things went right he followed his hero, 'Marse Robert', General Robert E. Lee, by giving one of his lieutenants the credit."

To the student not only of politics but of human nature a second facet in the relationship is the personal one: how did it come about that two men so superficially different in style, upbringing and previous experience should have so quickly formed what became an almost perfect union? Mr. Acheson almost an archetype of the Eastern Establishment—Groton, Harvard, patrician, immaculate, tall, commandingly handsome, never belying those belligerent eyebrows; Mr. Truman a small, perky Midwesterner, of modest origins, a Kansas City politician who had reached the Senate, and then the Vice-Presidency, via the rough path of the

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JONATHAN CAPE

ward and the precinct. Mr. Acheson's first impression was recorded on April 30, 1945 in a letter to his son:

> The new President has done an excellent job. It so happened that two days before President Roosevelt's death I had a long meeting with Mr. Truman and for the first time got a definite impression. It was a very good impression. He is straightforward, decisive, simple, entirely honest. He of course has the limitations upon his judgement and wisdom that the limitations of his experience produce, but I think that he will learn fast and will inspire confidence. It seems to me a blessing that he is the President and not Henry Wallace [who had been considered for the Vice-Presidency in Mr. Roosevelt's last term].

Events were to prove this an extraordinarily perceptive appreciation and a prescient forecast, and by the end of Mr. Acheson's narrative his not already informed readers will surely endorse the admirable analysis of "The President's Contribution" which forms part of his seventy-sixth and last chapter, an epilogue entitled "Retrospection in Tranquility". On the personal side,

> as only those close to him knew, Harry S Truman was two men. One was the public figure—peppery, sometimes belligerent, often didactic, the "give-em hell" Harry. The other was the patient, modest, considerate, and appreciative boss, helpful and understanding in all official matters, affectionate and sympathetic in any private worry or sorrow. This was the "Mr. President" we knew and loved. . . . Mr. Truman's methods reflected the basic integrity of his own character. He could have said of them what Mr. Lincoln said of his: "I desire to so conduct the affairs of this administration that if, at the end . . . I have lost every other friend on earth, I shall have at least one friend left, and that friend shall be down inside of me".

Mr. Truman, God bless him, has several hundred million friends.

The public interest, as envisaged by President Truman and his Secretary of State, was first and foremost, of course, the interest of the United States. Yet during their years of intimate association in the conduct of their country's international affairs (1945-1952) it is not too much to say, in retrospect, of the United States that "their shoulders held the sky suspended". If Mr. Acheson was not in every case the initiator, he was actively "present at the creation" of a series of heroically expansive developments in America's foreign policy: the United Nations Organization, the International Bank, the so-called "Truman Doctrine" which put the United States into the Eastern Mediterranean, the Marshall Plan for restoring the economies of Western Europe, the intervention in Korea, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, and half-a-dozen more. Among the failures was the attempt, with General Marshall's great prestige as leverage (Mr. Acheson acting as his backstop in Washington) to compose the differences between the Kuomintang and the communist regimes and to establish a united and viable China in the aftermath of the defeat of Japan. In the light of Mr. Acheson's account of those years of determined effort it is ironical to remember that in the vindictive, McCarthyite days preceding and following General Eisenhower's succession to the White House, the Democratic administration was commonly referred to as "the Truman-Acheson-Dexter White-Alger Hiss regime", with a special degree of obloquy for the Secretary of State as "the man who lost us China". After one particularly vituperative catalogue of such allegations Elmer Davis of C.B.S. (well known to us in London during the war years) was moved to complain in a letter to *The Washington Post* that "Mr. Nixon [then Vice-President] is holding out on us. He forgot to say that it was this same Acheson that shot Lincoln."

Those who remember those ugly days—the victimization of honourable officers like John Carter Vincent, Philip C. Jessup, and John Paton Davies; the demoralization of the Foreign Service under Senator McCarthy's paranoiac persecution and Secretary Dulles's pusillanimity in his staff's defence—will find Mr. Acheson's references to the whole sorry business precise, disdainfully curt, and generally deflationary: "The foregoing summary of 1950's shameful and nihilistic orgy exaggerates its effect upon us. Our minds were occupied with great problems and our time with equally great efforts to meet them." But he does not spare those right-wing Senators—Bridges, Jenner, Taft, Wherry ("the Nebraska undertaker"), and others—who hurried to turn the McCarthy witch-hunt to party advantage and allied themselves with what John Duncan Miller of *The Times* called "the revolt of the primitives against intelligence".

Similarly, he is specific in documentation of the background to that sentence in a press conference on January 25, 1950—"I do not intend to turn my back on Alger Hiss"—which was for years to hang like an albatross round his political neck; but he does not labour it. As for Mr. Acheson's opinion of Mr. Truman's successor and his own (John Foster Dulles), he is much too courteous to offer one. But a couple of pages of dry description near the end of the chapter entitled "Election Summer" (1952) and a couple more which open chapter seventy-four, "Changing the Guard", may be recommended to students of delicate implication.

Present at the Creation has, inevitably, provoked comparison with other ambitious memoirs of the history of our time. If it has not the scope and majesty of Sir Winston Churchill's, it is without doubt worthy to sit next to it on the shelf; the prose style is one of clarity and distinction; it is better organized than the later volumes of *The Second World War*, and for the specialist the notes at the end (instead of appendixes of *in extenso* quotation) provide references enough for supporting documentation. It is more crisply and incisively written than Lord Avon's, and if it lacks Mr. Macmillan's special brand of gaiety and insouciance its more conscious responsible tenor is never tinged with solemnity.

One of the most enjoyable characteristics of Mr. Acheson's style is his aptitude for the aphoristic generalization. Many of these strike a common note: that of an impervious, sometimes impatient, perhaps almost authoritarian temper. Nor is it, in fact, a false note. The elder statesman, the oracle of Georgetown, does not today conceal from his wide (and normally attentive) acquaintance his profound, forcibly argued and highly articulate contempt for the governments now in office in practically any country you like to name; and in particular for the foreign policies of his own, despite the fact that President Nixon, like his predecessor, is known to call on him from time to time for advice. One wonders what that advice is; whether it is, or will be, taken. It is a melancholy thought that the man who with President Truman, during "those perilous and puzzling times" to which this book bears abundant and illuminating witness, effected such a "heroic expansion" to the horizons of United States foreign policy, should ever contemplate the possibility that he might be "present at the dissolution".

To the Editor

Editing Dickens

Sir,—I am sorry that Mr. Simon Nowell-Smith's exposition of the problems facing the editor of Dickens (June 4) tends to come down against the use of manuscripts as copy-texts. What have British textual scholars got against manuscripts? Surely one cannot overemphasize the authority of what the author wrote (as opposed to what he was prepared to put up with in print), and surely the facts of textual transmission require a surviving manuscript that was used as printer's copy to be taken as the basis of a definitive text, unless it can be shown that the manuscript has in some exceptional way forfeited identity with the literary work concerned. Such forfeiture might be said to occur with Tennyson or Balzac, who tended to use first printed proofs as others might use first manuscript drafts, but it is far from clear that it applies in the case of Dickens's novels —or those of Charlotte Brontë, where the Clarendon policy (to judge from *Jane Eyre*) seems similarly anti-manuscript.

Perhaps the real value of printer's copy is only felt where it has *not* survived, but even here there is scope for confusion. The blurb on the dust-jacket around my copy of the 1966 impression of the 1930 "World's Classics" edition of *Wuthering Heights* claims that this edition "gives the text as Emily Brontë wrote it". If O.U.P. discovered Emily's manuscript, I, for one, should like to know.

GEOFFREY D. HARGREAVES.

22 Tamamuit Terrace, Dunblane, Perthshire, Scotland.

Cultural Documents

Sir,—I read last week's *TLS* on my way to the studio to record the first of a series of programmes for the B.B.C.'s overseas service. During the series I shall be playing recordings of more than 40 poets reading their own work. These recordings—a tiny number from the total available in the B.B.C. sound archives—include the voices of Yeats, Pound (from Mr. Bridson's programme), Tennyson, Masefield and De la Mare, Dylan Thomas, T. S. Eliot, Vernon Watkins, Edith Sitwell, and poets as young as Brian Patten. All these poets were recorded by the B.B.C., although commercial undertakings subsequently recorded some of them.

I do not know to what extent the B.B.C. ever destroyed recordings of Yeats; what is quite clear is that but for the B.B.C., we would be unlikely to have any recordings of Yeats at all. The Corporation originated or discovered and preserved a vast number of recordings of writers, many of them made years before the people concerned were at all well known. It was for many years the only organization in the world undertaking this work seriously; and considering the circumstances we should be grateful rather than critical.

A more important point is that for reasons of finance and lack of space, it is becoming increasingly difficult for the B.B.C. to continue this work on a proper scale; sound archives must represent all categories of broadcasting, now of course including television. While the interest of commercial companies makes this work perhaps less vital than it once was, it would be constructive if your correspondents, rather than regretting lost recordings, pressed the Government to make sure that the B.B.C. has sufficient funds to enable future recordings to be made and preserved.

DEREK PARKER.

The Poetry Review, 21 Earls Court Square, London, S.W.5.

Cathedral Libraries

Sir,—I was delighted to hear from Mr. R. J. Roberts (May 28) that a central catalogue of the holdings of cathedral libraries has been made and that the slips are in the British Museum. But why up to 1700? Wing's *Short Title Catalogue* goes up to 1700—what is so magical about the date 1700? When one considers the steadily growing volume of literature from publishing houses in England since 1700, possibly brought about by the Oxford Movement, the Tractarian Movement and publishers such as Joseph Masters, James Burns, John [illegible] there is certainly a need for the work described by Mr. Roberts to continue after 1700. The administration of English cathedrals declined sharply in the early nineteenth century and around the years 1833-1849 they came under heavy attack by such authors as John Peace (*Apology for Cathedral Service*, 1839) and Robert Whiston (*Cathedral Trusts and their fulfilment*, 1849). Is it possible, on present showing, to trace every title published during this vital and interesting century dealing with ecclesiastical matters in England, from cathedral library records? I hope so.

And why are the slips mentioned by Mr. Roberts kept in the British Museum? Not every scholar and research worker can get to London, let alone obtain a British Museum reader's ticket. Surely the slips could be printed and published in book form? There is another aspect on the collecting of titles in cathedral libraries. From experience gained when undertaking research work for my bibliography on English church music, I suspect that not all cathedral authorities and authors writing for them are aware of the law of legal deposit, whereby one copy of every book, tract, pamphlet, &c., must by law be deposited in the British Museum. I have in my possession a photocopy of a little book on the recollections of a cathedral chorister published in 1948—no copy appears to be in the British Museum. I have another little book which came out after the birth of the *British National Bibliography*, also about a cathedral choir—again, no copy is lodged with the British Museum. Does not this kind of thing call for a full-scale central catalogue of cathedral libraries' stock? It might unearth many more "ghost" titles. Does any cathedral library know the whereabouts of, for example, John Merbecke's *The Ripping up of the Pope's Fardel*, published by Henry Denham in 1581? or the anonymous Puritan tract *The Children of the Chapel Stript and Whipt*. A copy of this was known to be in the possession of Bishop Tanner in Oxford. And again, the results ought to be published in book form, with regular supplements.

In my opinion, tucking catalogue slips away in the British Museum is almost as bad as removing the books from cathedral libraries. We owe it to present and future scholars to plan a national cathedral libraries catalogue service (what about "English Cathedrals Catalogue"?). Again, I admit, the work would be enormous and costly. I think it is justified. I wonder how many librarians would be interested in this venture? I certainly am.

In conclusion, may I say that during the three years in which I was compiling my bibliography, I received enormous help, encouragement and advice from English cathedral librarians. My debt to them is very great and I am very grateful to them.

PAUL YEATS-EDWARDS.

59 Heatherdeane Road, Highfield, Southampton.

Proper Names in Poetry

Sir,—I was particularly interested in Professor Fuller's Oxford lecture, printed in your issue of May 21, by his remarks on Yvor Winters's characterization of the use of proper names in T. S. Eliot's "Gerontion" as a [illegible] of "pseudo-reference", suggesting a plot, a background of information about the characters named which the poem does not, in fact, give, but merely leaves teasingly to the reader's imagination.

For logicians, proper names denote or designate, but have no connotation. In fact, for most educated readers a number of proper names, say Troy, *Caesar*, *Apollo*, connote all that one remembers or feels about Troy, Caesar or Apollo: and such names, which might be called "sacred names", trigger off a range of responses, which may be "stock responses" in I. A. Richards's sense, but are not therefore valueless. *Troy*, as it were, is shorthand for eternal human strife; *Caesar* for the conception of the strong, wise, and sometimes ruthless ruler; *Apollo* for, among other things, the hard, formal, and masculine element in poetry. Mr. Auden has noted, in a recent series of accentual elegiac couplets called *Shorts*, how handicapped the modern poet is by the fact that such "sacred names" are no longer sacred, no longer trigger off reliable responses.

Proper names, in early English corrective comedy and comic fiction, [illegible] in a rather different way incorporate words or concepts, and thus announce in advance the basic drives of a character and his probable role in a [illegible] Sir Epicure Mammon, Lady Wishfort, Squire Allworthy, Sir Anthony Absolute, and so on. Dickens carries on [illegible] comedy of humours tradition, [illegible] less obvious way, with proper names like Bagstock, Pecksniff, Veneering. [illegible] it seems to me that the proper names of later and more sophisticated novelists like George Eliot or Henry James still this suggestiveness in a way slightly harder to decode. Dorothea Brooke is god-given and will have to brook; Isabel Archer aims at the wrong target; Maggie Verver is fresh, green, green, and Adam [illegible] this, too, but has also a primal [illegible] cence; Gwendolyn Harleth [illegible] what Sherlock Holmes would [illegible] "long shot") is at the beginning of *Daniel Deronda* "heartless [illegible]

[illegible] going over "Gerontion" with [illegible] graduates, in England and the [United] States, I have found it useful, to [illegible] into the poem, to point out [that] "De Bailhache", though clearly an [illegible] name, is a near homonym [of the] English phrase, "the vile ash" [illegible] dust, ashes to ashes": "vile [illegible]"; that "Fresca" recalls the [illegible] which Eliot loved, of the *dolce* [illegible] "fresca rosa novella"; and [Mrs.] Cammel was a rich woman [illegible] (wasn't there, or isn't there, a [illegible] Cammell Laird?) and that [illegible] finds it as hard to get into [illegible] a camel finds it to get through [a needle]'s eye. Earlier in the poem, [illegible] of the reference two lines [illegible] to "flowering judas", the name [illegible] triggers off memories of [illegible] and the thirty pieces of silver; [illegible] Fornquist" suggests the English [illegible] "turn and twist" or might be [illegible] to suggest the word [illegible]; and "von Kulp" might [suggest] either the Latin phrase *mea* [*culpa*] or more plausibly the idea of a [illegible] whose sexual appetite "gulps" [illegible]

[I do] not think that it is merely fanciful to follow up such clues. The [illegible] poet, like Eliot, too subtle to [illegible]-of-humours labels, deprived [of] sacred names, has in his use of proper names in poetry to lean very hard [on] [illegible] suggestiveness.

G. S. FRASER.

[University] of Leicester.

'Futurist Art and Theory'

[Sir,—In] the review of my book, [*Futurist*] *Art and Theory* (April 30), a [number] of points are raised that re[flect] serious misunderstandings of [illegible] statements. It is suggested that "the [illegible] conception of 'dynamism'" is [illegible] equated with "the spirit [of the] French Fauves". If the reviewer [had gone] on to the next page (p. 42), he [would] have noted that the fundamental [differen]ces between the two points of [view] are clearly enumerated. It is [stated] there that the Fauves' vision was [illegible] based on the past," and that [un]like the Futurists, regarded [the] sublime as a dual symbol "a [illegible] of beauty and a curse'". Of [th]e lumping together of such dis[parate] men and talents as Matisse, [illegible] Vlaminck, Derain, Jarry, &c., [under] the label of Fauvism is far from [illegible]. The much-needed clari[fication] of the Fauve esthetic seemed [rath]er out of place in a book on [Futurism], and the label is a convenient [one. It] seems arbitrary on his part, how[ever, to] single out Van Gogh and the [illegible] group as possible guides or [model]s for the Futurists, when the [illegible] was in fact one of the many [illegible] of *both* the French and [German] expressionists. It is extremely [doubtful] that in 1910 the Italian artists [knew] anything specific about what was [going on] in the Dresden expressionist [circle]. Fauvism, on the other hand, not [illegible] and repercussions in Italian [illegible] but its *éclat* was well known to [them] and is perceptible in his [work, as] is pointed out on pp. 42, 59.

[Another] misunderstanding seems at [the bott]om of the reviewer's contention [that I m]istakenly "seem to think that [the Futu]rists saw and profited by Syn[thetic Cu]bist paintings by Braque and [Picasso i]n February 1912, before they [came into ex]istence". Perhaps the equally unsatisfactory label of "Synthetic Cubism" is responsible for this. In accord with the distinguished precedent set especially by Barr and others, Synthetic Cubism was taken to include the synthetic or conceptual elements, present from the beginning in the Cubist pictures of Picasso and Braque which they used with increasing boldness in the winter of 1911-12. This led to the introduction of letters, words, and other bits of conventional reality into their works, resulting in the famous collages and *papiers collés* of 1912-13. That Boccioni grasped the import of this Cubist trend is brought out in the final version of his "Stati d'animo: Gli Addii" (plate 81), which Apollinaire praised on February 7, 1912, particularly for its use of numerals in the manner of Picasso (p. 116). An even more significant proof of Boccioni's awareness of Synthetic Cubism is of course his *Technical Manifesto of Futurist Sculpture*, as pointed out on pp. 126-7. The manifesto is dated April 11, 1912, but probably was not published until the summer months. Its conception goes back to Boccioni's stays in Paris during February and March of 1912, as is suggested in a letter and other contemporary accounts (p. 164).

So far as my having "failed to see (the Futurists') real indebtedness to the 'analytical' methods of early Cubism" goes, I can only call the reviewer's attention to the extensive discussion of the extremely complicated relationship between Futurism and Cubism (in all its phases) given especially in Chapters 8 through 13. Here an almost day-by-day account of the different moments in the encounter between the Italian and French artists is presented, and the Futurists' debt to analytic and Synthetic Cubist methods is analysed in considerable detail. Indeed, the clarification of this relationship was one of the main objects of my study, and this intention can scarcely be missed, even by the most casual reader.

The reviewer's exception to my definition of the Cubism of Picasso and Braque as positing "at bottom an ideal static and architectonic absolute" while employing "a revolutionary manner of representing objects and space—which included the element of time" (p.125), seems extremely puzzling. It is by now a commonplace that the reconciliation of these seemingly paradoxical opposites underlies the modern idealist vision of men like Cézanne, Léger, Brancusi, Matisse, and of course Picasso and Braque, as well as Apollinaire and others, granting naturally important individual differences. While some of the methods employed by Picasso and Braque were similar to those of the Futurists, their ends were diametrically opposed.

Nowhere in the book is it suggested that Picasso and Braque were affected by Futurism prior to 1912; on the contrary, on page 59 it is concluded that "their development followed a very isolated course in these early years". On the other hand, "their tangential followers—Gleizes, Metzinger, Léger, Delaunay, and others, eagerly received the *Technical Manifesto of Painting* when it appeared, because its explicit statements bolstered their own still uncertain efforts which derived in part from similar social and philosophical convictions". Here reference is made to the Unanimist spirit which prevailed among this group (p. 59 n. 3); this has been discussed at greater length by me in an article (*Art Journal*, XXXVIII/3, Spring 1969, p. 258-68).

For the record it should be noted that although my book originated as a doctoral dissertation, it was neither "reworked and much expanded", but on the contrary, shortened and only slightly changed and corrected.

MARIANNE W. MARTIN.

Department of Fine Arts, New York University, N.Y. 10453, U.S.A.

* Our reviewer writes:—Professor Marianne Martin's letter reveals more fully than her book her misunderstanding of other types of modern painting than that of the Futurists, as well as a capacity for using specific terms without appearing to know what they signify. Let me deal with her objections separately.

(1) Fauvism and Futurism. The principles of Fauvism have been succinctly and correctly defined by Jean Leymarie in his book on the subject (Geneva, 1959) as: "an equivalence of light and construction of space by colour; an all-over 'illumination' of the flat surface without illusionist modelling or chiaroscuro; a fine spareness of means; a total harmony between expression (i.e. emotive values) and decoration (i.e. balanced arrangement achieved by composition)". Professor Martin writes that "generally speaking, the Fauve spirit can be defined as an inversion of Verlaine's Symbolist axiom to '*pas la nuance, rien que la couleur*'". This is not so bad, but why does she then go on to claim first that "the most typically Fauve expression" is to be found "in the writings of Alfred Jarry", and next that the First Futurist Manifesto "sounds Fauve" because "Marinetti uses the image of young lions for himself and his friends who escape from the past in automobiles and whom he exhorts to '*assister à la naissance du Centaure*'—the traditional Greek symbol for animal desires and barbarism"? Unfortunately for Professor Martin, Fauvism had nothing to do with either "dynamism", the zoo, the jungle, the lunatic fringe or the racetrack. Where can she find evidence of "animal desires and barbarism" in the luminous Fauve paintings of Matisse, Derain, Vlaminck, Braque or Dufy?

(2) Synthetic Cubism. These far from "unsatisfactory" words have a specific art-historical connotation. No matter what "distinguished precedent" Professor Martin may have decided to follow in the writings of others who seem to understand as little of Cubism as she herself, it is an incontrovertible fact—because the pictures are there to prove it—that the changeover from the "analytical" methods of early Cubism to the "synthetic" procedure of late Cubism occurred as a result of the invention by Braque and Picasso of *papiers collés*. That is to say, after September, 1912. Whereas before that date Braque and Picasso analysed and dissected the appearance of objects to discover a set of forms which would add up to their totality and provide the formal elements of a composition, after that date they found that they could begin by composing with purely pictorial elements (planes of colour, extraneous materials, shaped forms) and gradually endow them through line and colour with an objective significance. That is the essence of "synthetic" Cubism.

(3) Cubism and Futurism. If Professor Martin had understood this fundamental change in Cubism and realized when it occurred, she would have known that the Futurists could only have drawn on the "analytical" type of Cubism in the winter of 1911-12. She now offers an inadequate explanation of her muddled thinking by saying: "Synthetic Cubism was taken to include the synthetic or conceptual elements, present from the beginning in the Cubist pictures of Picasso and Braque which they used with increasing boldness in the winter of 1911-12." This is to defy history, common sense and general usage. If Professor Martin proposes to use familiar art-historical terms with a highly personal meaning, she should provide her own eccentric definitions at the beginning of her book.

(4) Time. No element of "time" is involved in the pictorial representation of reality as achieved by Cézanne, Matisse, Braque, Picasso, Léger or Delaunay. "Time" is only involved in the works of the Futurists and such "kinetic" painting as that of Duchamp. That is why "their ends were diametrically opposed" to those of Braque and Picasso, whose pictorial means they tried to use for their own purposes, but on whose painting they had no reciprocal influence.

E. T. A. Hoffmann

Sir,—It was heartening to read your excellent front-page article on Hoffmann (*TLS*, May 21), which with luck will speed his removal from an undeserved limbo. May I, though, take up one or two points in the article?

First, while it is certainly true that dualism is fundamental to Hoffmann's work, and may well be considered its most formative principle (see, for instance, that [illegible] conflict between the demands of the spirit and the exigencies of day-to-day living" referred to by your reviewer), it is highly questionable whether that basic duality asserted in the title of the article really exists with Hoffmann. This indeed is the nub: Hoffmann did not see the fantastic and the everyday as *separate* spheres; what he really mirrored were the fantastical malgrowths with which, for him, the everyday was itself rank. The same fundamental qualification applies to the view that Hoffmann's analysis was metaphysical, that he saw man as subject to "higher, supra-personal forces"; true, he made incessant reference to "eine feindselige Macht", &c., &c., but this was a shorthand manner of speaking, a use of convenient topoi. What Hoffmann did insistently reflect was the dissonant nature of the given reality with all its cruelly deforming lunatic forces, and not anything beyond this, whether spheres of the fantastical or of higher powers. The reviewer himself remarks that Hoffmann saw his society as "grotesque, threatening, inviting caricature and sinister deformation"—but this is essential, not secondary, and it is here that Hoffmann's power and importance lie.

There seem to be two basic postulates: that individuals have a natural potential for "good" and "fruitful" growth (a classical assumption, this!); and that society is so inhumanly ordered that this potential can never except in the most extraordinary circumstances be fulfilled, so that there is rarely anything but varying degrees of deformity. The characters Ritter Gluck and Serapion are "fulfilled", for example—but only by dint of being mad, of having left their "real" social beings behind; Kreisler, similarly, not only "seems mad to a bourgeois world" but *is* in certain senses mad (hence the Ettlinger motif). What wholeness and identity can there be in this kind of world?—the question is incessantly posed, most chillingly in *Die Elixiere des Teufels* ("Ich bin das, was ich scheine, und scheine das nicht, was ich bin, mir selbst ein unerklärlich Rätsel"). It is surely for these sorts of reasons that we are now beginning to realize how urgently "modern" and above all how serious was Hoffmann's response to his reality.

May I quickly raise one more point? Your reviewer speaks of a "reconciliation between art and life" in *Prinzessin Brambilla*, but this does not quite do justice to what is surely Hoffmann's fullest exposition of his own essential stance. In this, one of his last works, he shows how the actor Giglio Fava learns to cast off his false self which is tragick posturing, grandiose seriousness, and to discover a genuine means of coping with himself and with existence generally by adopting a defensive stance of *ironic detachment*. This is a learning process which Hoffmann himself appears to have gone through, and it is arguably this which explains how he managed to maintain both his sanity and his creativity in the midst of a world that seemed to him so full of dislocation and distortion.

For all this, though, it may well be that your admirable article is as right on these points as on others, for it must be admitted that there is less of a consensus about Hoffmann than perhaps any other German author. Perhaps it is just this which makes his work so endlessly fascinating?

JOHN REDDICK.

Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge.

'Mathematicall Recreations'

Sir,—I have not seen Mr. Trevor Hall's booklet *Mathematicall Recreations* (reviewed in the *TLS* of May 21) attributing this entertaining work to Henry Van Etten who, as he rightly notes, signed the dedication of the first English edition, and therefore I do not know if he has also mentioned that the title-page of this (1633) edition ends: "Most of which [Problemes] were written first in *Greeke* and *Latine*, lately compiled in *French*, by *Henry Van Etten* Gent." Further, though the contents of this volume calls only for 264 pages, in my copy of it there follow pages 265-[287], a little treatise on "Artificiall fire-Workes" the last page of which contains a twelve-line Latin poem: "Ad Authorem D. D. Henricum Van Etenium, Alumnum Academiae Ponts à Mousson". On the page before this poem there is a reference to "a booke intituled Artificiall Fire-workes, made by Mr. Malthas (a master of his knowledge)" sold by the same publisher as *Mathematicall Recreations*, Richard Hawkins; and this looks very much like Mr. Hall's suggested translator, Francis Malthus.

The reason I mention these points is because I do not know whether the make-up of any volume [illegible] is sufficiently [illegible] to add something to Mr. Hall's conjecture.

[illegible] BISHOP.

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People care

BENJAMIN SPOCK:
Decent and Indecent
211pp. Bodley Head. 30s.

Millions of students now at American and British universities have been reared on the common sense of Dr. Spock's *Baby and Child Care*. It is primarily for these students, especially those in the United States, that Dr. Spock has produced these observations on what he subtitles "Our Personal & Political Behaviour". His sympathies are shown in the dedication: "To the young people, black and white, who are being clubbed, jailed, and even killed for showing us the way to justice". President Nixon might describe it as Spock's Guide for Campus Bums.

Because it is full of commonsense wisdom, readers "over a certain age" may regard much of the book as self-evident. The problems treated are:

A loss of a sense of direction or ideals that has had a demoralizing effect on various pursuits.

Increasing rivalry between the sexes, which is making both men and women dissatisfied with their roles.

An oversimplified concept of sexuality that impairs its dignity and its pleasures.

An ingenuous readiness to blame all our own aggressiveness and hatred on other people who don't belong to our particular group or nation, an attitude that, in a nuclear age, is pushing us inexorably to self-destruction.

The failure to find a political form that will enable the cooperative side of our natures to maintain the upper hand over our greed and power craving.

The difficulty, in an ever more technological age, of keeping education geared to our emotional, social, and spiritual needs.

Dr. Spock, who has recently become completely committed to the peace movement, is rather afraid that some of his ideas will appear outdated to some of his younger readers. He considers uncontrolled obscenity harmful, that unisex attitudes ignore the wealth of difference between the sexes, that sexuality is less important than love. This fear has luckily not deterred him from stating his old-fashioned views reasonably. In his treatment of "the worst problems of America—illegal war, racial injustice, unnecessary poverty, for example", he sees not the result of lack of knowledge or means, but of moral blindness or confusion; and he brings to bear upon the issues now being debated, and indeed fought out, on the campuses a moral standard which, one suspects, will appeal to all but the most confused or blind. He draws up a code of revolt, which is splendidly civilized and courageous. If it can be observed by those in rebellion even when it is rejected by those in authority, well and good. If practice falls, as usual, short of theory, it will not be completely wasted; though the struggle for justice may very well prove more violent, bloody and irrational than any of the contestants wishes.

The lost leader

CORETTA SCOTT KING:
My Life with Martin Luther King, Jr.
384pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 35s.

DAVID L. LEWIS:
Martin Luther King
460pp. Allen Lane The Penguin Press. £3 3s.

Mrs. King inevitably came into prominence after her husband's assassination two years ago and, although her account of him was no doubt prompted by the consequent publicity, it does in fact have value as a genuine contribution to our knowledge of a remarkable man. She has no pretensions to literary excellence or intellectual depth, but simply gives a straightforward—and, one suspects, heavily edited—narrative of both their early lives and then of their life together after their marriage in 1953.

The reader's interest naturally grows after 1955, when King's political career began, but it is never satisfied, for this is very much an "official" biography. The intimacies revealed are, as it were, public ones, and the occasional hints at King's private personality are self-conscious and—to be frank—rather unendearing. Inevitably, perhaps, there is no attempt to assess King's part in the Negro struggle, and there is little discussion of the problems of civil disobedience and non-violence. But there is plenty of material which will be useful for future discussion of these points, and it is clearly presented.

Extracts from many of King's speeches and writings appear in the text, and a few documents are included in an epilogue. This prompts the thought that it is perhaps a pity that the book was not more of an old-fashioned "Life and Letters", for many of King's shorter statements would be well worth collecting in book form. And perhaps this is a case where there should be a gramophone record as well, to show King's astonishing gift for public speaking.

Professor Lewis has writen a very different kind of book. It is described as "a critical biography", but this must be taken in the sense not of being based on an analytical use of the sources but of being rather hostile to King. There is no objection to this—it is preferable to Mrs. King's inevitably laudatory view, let alone the cloying hagiography of Robert M. Bleiweiss's *Marching to Freedom* or Margaret Boone-Jones's *Martin Luther King Jr.*—but it does demand a more careful approach to the material and a more sustained level of argument than Professor Lewis has achieved.

In a fairly long narrative he draws a pretty familiar picture of King. His sources are mainly available publications, especially articles in newspapers and magazines; he notes regretfully that he received no help from King's family and political associates, though he was able to consult the Martin Luther King Jr. Collection at Boston University. The book is mainly valuable not so much for adding anything new to what [illegible] known about King as for gathering in one place what was already known about him.

The main objection to both books is that they fail to explain the phenomenon of Martin Luther King: they give the facts but do not bring them to life. Neither Mrs. King nor Professor Lewis tells us why King rather than any other Negro leader began to wield such influence after 19[illegible] or why he began to lose that influence after 1965. Perhaps no explanation is yet possible, but a more energetic attempt to provide one would be welcome.

It is difficult to avoid feeling that King's position was due more [illegible] chance than to himself. He was a tireless worker and an efficient organizer, and of course a compelling speaker in the Southern Negro preacher style. But he was not much of a thinker or writer, and he showed little talent for political manoeuvring or even for leadership on the battle[illegible] field where (like Gandhi before him) he seemed more concerned with the reactions of his opponents than with the feelings of his followers. It [illegible] not entirely cynical to conclude that his assassination may have saved him from a worse fate. By now he would surely have been thrust aside from below or taken in from above. There was no more room for him in the United States—any more than for Albert Luthuli in South Africa or for Vinoba Bhave in India. Let the good bury the good.

Poor Puerto Rican

PIRI THOMAS:
Down These Mean Streets
333pp. Barrie and Jenkins. £2 10s.

This is "a stunning autobiography of corruption and innocence" which is to be filmed by Warner Bros-Seven Arts as "a major motion picture". Its author is the oldest of seven children born in 1928 in Spanish Harlem, New York City. The other children were as white as his mother, but Piri Thomas was as dark as his father. This produced emotional complications, because Puerto Rican is good enough in Puerto Rico, no matter what your colour: but in the United States, it is another thing, or rather several other different things, depending on where you happen to be. In Spanish Harlem, for example, you are Spanish-speaking and not to be confused with an American Negro. But in paddy country, you are coloured and to be treated as a natural enemy until you have proved your worth. You won't get the breaks that a white boy does, but nobody will mention that the reason is your colour. Once south of the Mason-Dixon line though, you are a nigger boy who has to sit in the back of a bus or eat and drink in non-Caucasian restaurants.

This fictionalized autobiography has something of the innocence of that slum-bestseller *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, but times have changed. Life is more violent, vicious, horrifying, especially for the poor Puerto Rican, as opposed to the poor Irish. Dope-peddling, drug-addiction, robbery with violence, homosexual prostitution pave the way of life for the New York poor; and for Piri Thomas the emotional confusion about what sort of person he was led to a fifteen-year prison sentence for attempted armed robbery and shooting a cop, who nearly died.

Having served six years, Piri Thomas at last found himself. And in the latter part of his life (reserved for a later volume?) he has been socially as constructive as in his first twenty-two years he was delinquent; working in rehabilitation centres for drug-addicts in Harlem and Puerto Rico.

Down These Mean Streets has certain obvious faults. Its chapters, or sections, do not follow on one another chronologically or consequentially. The reconstruction of dialogue is fictional and the rendering of Spanish into American obscenity is emotionally false; and the degree of obscenity is soon debased. The book is too long, too repetitive. Yet it has strength, honesty and faith. It descends into the lower depths and makes the reader understand how this is possible not through decadence but through despair, through hatred and the hunger for love.

It is a document rather than a work of art, but the more powerful because it does not try to find solutions. Piri Thomas presents himself without self-pity as the betwixt-and-between man trying to find an identity in the so-called United States, which might have been unified if Tom Paine's proposals for equal rights for all men, European, Indian or Negro, had been adopted, but which are now suffering from the upheavals caused by refusing to face the issues of the American revolution [illegible].

Despite the publisher's blurb, despite the major film which is going to be made from it, *Down These Mean Streets* is important for the understanding of what is happening in the United States today.

Students as niggers

JOHN BIRMINGHAM (Editor):
Our Time is Now
Notes from the high school underground.
224pp. New York: Praeger. $5.95.

The heart-beat of adolescence is rightly somewhat secretive, buried or "underground". To dig and reveal too much too early can wither roots. Yet here, introduced by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., are gleanings from *Oink!* (Downey, California), *T.R.I.P.* (Long Beach, California), *Weakly Reader* (New York, N.Y.), *Diogenes' Lantern* (Waitsburg, Washington), *The Green Groad* (Topeka, Kansas), *Interobang* (Mamaroneck, N.Y.), *Frox* (Long Beach, N.Y.), &c., &c.: the high school, anti-Vietnam War, anti-authoritarian, "pacifist", private presses across the North American continent.

Are their causes of adult concern? Naturally, yes. But do they represent a national interest? Are these new *Federalist Papers*, in Kurt Vonnegut's phrase? To view the "generation gap" (itself a pleonasm) in such sectarian terms is to compound confusion. There may well be a crisis of authority in American schools. But this does not transform the scholars into a newly emerging plebs — disfranchised, unemployed, unemployable, storming the Bastille of a totalitarian establishment.

For one thing, only some 5 per cent (maybe) of high school students are actively involved in the underground movement. Admittedly these are the more alert and verbally gifted students, caught between the revolutionary fervour of their college elders and the traditional bureaucracy of their high school administrators. But three possibly transient factors, Vietnam apart, distinguish them from their British counterparts; they are forced by law to stay on at school to the age of sixteen; their school curriculum is peculiarly slanted to current affairs; they are subject to the draft, but excluded from the vote. The mixture, no wonder, is explosive. Add to this a further paradox: while personal relations, at all levels, are often unreservedly frank, an American principle, deferring to the vote, must uphold a mask of corporate traditions which senior citizens can ritually applaud. Yet the under twenty-fives, for the first time in history, are in the majority.

Their code of dissent is instantaneous and universal: long hair, fancy dress, rock music, the use of four-letter words, marijuana, and a resolute contempt for all forms of adult censorship. It was against a staff *imprimatur* that the opening salvoes in John Birmingham's battle of books was fired. But neither code nor cause is particularly new. An appeal for less formality in dress and studies, for more independent thinking related to independent inquiry, is at least as old as Montaigne and Comenius. "Shades of the prison-house begin to close upon the growing Boy . . ."

Yet Wordsworth's prisoner is not the core of the new mythology; nor a "whining schoolboy". It is the Negro. He commands the mythical heights, which are all that really is new. Jerry Farber's "The Student as a Nigger" originally appeared in the *Los Angeles Free Press*. A professor at Berkeley, he was concerned with college students. But the metaphor was extended to the high school "underground" and enthusiastically embroidered by them. The nigger/student on the campus/plantation, it was argued, has few rights: he is cowed into "knowing his place"; the teacher/overseer cracks the whip of the grading system and absurd dress restrictions over him; so hating school is as justifiable as rejecting slavery.

The metaphor proliferates into every corner of school life: a faculty lounge is denounced as student-teacher "segregation"; the student council dismissed as an "Uncle Tom" organization; a popular teacher, especially if fired, cheered as "nigger-lover".

> Well, Brother, that doesn't sound so great to us. We're sick of slavery, this contract to spend four years of our lives training to throw away the rest. We're obedient little niggers that Massa whips with grades, darkies who jump when the Man says Jump! We're sick of it—students, workers, blacks and oppressed people, everywhere: We're going to claim our birthright—dig that Manifest Destiny—we're going to be Americans and what's more American than REVOLUTION? (*Weakly Reader*, N.Y.)

What must be destroyed is the conveyor-belt of mass-education, moving the product from junior high to college—from "boring class" to "bull-shit course"—with the minimum of contact with the outside world. What must be created, cry the revolutionaries, is a school without walls—constant, shifting dialectic (as in one memorable teachers' strike) with free and open attendance:

> Instead of discussing a particular book the class discussed the author, the era and the theme of the book as one entity. No chapter-by-chapter analysis, those things of the past. In History, the Renaissance was called what it really was, a world-wide Revolution on all fronts. There's not much you can do about Math, but at least the homework was light and not compulsory. (*New York Herald Tribune*, N.Y.)

That is the crux of the case: "What it *is* isn't as important as what it's *like*. The activity must be exciting, educational, and worthwhile because it is fun. If the students don't really want to take part in the activity, it has no reason for being." So, during a students' strike, why not learn United States history in the ghetto, biology in the concrete jungle or the banks of the polluted rivers, English from "people who've lived"?

> Scientists found out long ago that training (teaching) a porpoise to do tricks by holding out a fish (marks) simply turned him into a reflection of his trainer (teacher) once he knew what he had to do to please his trainer. (*Snuff*, Hackensack, New Jersey).

Few educators or educationalists would accept all such radical formulas. But at least they can be grateful to John Birmingham (now [illegible] nineteen, a freshman at New [illegible] University) for collecting the evidence and arguing the high school case so cogently. After college students and women, in fact, this [illegible] like being the ultimate "[illegible] Negro" revolt. Or is it a cattle stampede? Or revolt of cows, [illegible] producing "grades instead of milk", bred either for further fattening (college), or the Vietnam slaughterhouse?

> The cows have numbers and [illegible] which are carefully kept. We [illegible] delaney cards and transcripts also [illegible] fully kept. The cows live a carefully regulated day, never asked what they want to do, but told, just as we are. . . . There are 30 to 60 cows, [illegible] one farmer, but alas, cows are dumb animals and can't get [illegible]. We can. We don't have to get [illegible] anymore. If we don't want to. The [illegible] has come to get off the farm. The [illegible] has come to unite and struggle to [illegible] Burn the barn and get out. Now! (*Observed*, Flushing, N.Y.)

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Milton at this hour

JAMES D. SIMMONDS (Editor):
Milton Studies
Volume 1.
192pp. Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press. $8.95.

JOHN T. SHAWCROSS (Editor):
Milton: The Critical Heritage
276pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2 15s.

JON S. LAWRY:
The Shadow of Heaven
416pp. Cornell University Press. (I.B.E.G.). £4 4s.

JOHN M. STEADMAN:
Milton's Epic Characters
343pp. North Carolina University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £4.

BALACHANDRA RAJAN:
The Lofty Rhyme
190pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £1 15s.

BALACHANDRA RAJAN (Editor):
Paradise Lost: A Tercentenary Tribute
140pp. Toronto University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £2 8s.

J. B. LEISHMAN:
Milton's Minor Poems
360pp. Hutchinson. £2 10s.

CALVIN HUCKABAY (Compiler):
John Milton: An Annotated Bibliography 1929-1968
392pp. Pittsburgh: Duquesne University Press. $17.50.

"The ominous plenitude of Milton studies in our day"; "This efflorescence of [illegible]demic and critical studies of [illegible]"—these are both phrases [illegible] two of the latest critical [illegible] on Milton, the first from [illegible] *Studies* (itself ominously [illegible] 1"), the second from a [illegible] of papers read at the *Paradise Lost* tercentenary conference [illegible] 1967 at the University of [illegible] Ontario. Arthur Barker, [illegible] of the second phrase, notes [illegible] there is something paradoxical [illegible] this concentration of academic [illegible] on a figure who "is now [illegible] far from being the people's [illegible] he once was in some degree", [illegible] who "is certainly not nowadays [illegible] notable sense the poets' poet, [illegible] he was through much of the [illegible] and nineteenth centuries". He wonders whether it is "symptomatic of an uneasily [illegible] state of mind in the literary [illegible]" which are so generally [illegible] defensive in a society that [illegible] its chief respect for science [illegible] sociology and prefers whatever [illegible] ephemerally stimulating" to the [illegible] values of Milton.

[illegible]siveness can certainly be felt [illegible] the writings of many Milton [illegible], though the form it often [illegible], of a neo-Jamesian opacity of [illegible] and an ultra-Miltonic display [illegible] research, is suitable only [illegible] preaching to the converted. In [illegible] of barbarism, it is true, the [illegible] must concentrate their efforts [illegible] conservation of culture, and [illegible] Miltonists do admira[illegible] the dangers of isolationism [illegible] too-ready assumption that the [illegible] world *is* barbaric [illegible] also to be considered. Milton's [illegible] career might seem to provide a [illegible] for falling back upon the [illegible] audience though few; but, as [illegible] Barker says, pessimistic [illegible] is far from being the [illegible] of Milton's work. Though [illegible] be regarded in some respects [illegible] pattern for a conservative [illegible] towards culture in our day, [illegible] and ought still to be interpreted as, a great revolutionary [illegible].

[illegible] Milton is somehow a symbol [illegible] today, in his own time [illegible] much disliked for siding [illegible] Parliament in the Civil War [illegible] expressing anti-prelatical, anti[illegible] and, apropos divorce, sup[illegible] immoral views in his prose [illegible]. In the following century [illegible] Johnson was prejudiced for much [illegible] reasons against Milton [illegible], and Sir John Hawkins, [illegible] disapproving of such politi[illegible] prejudice, deplored Milton's [illegible] controversy as "sarcastic [illegible], and not consistent with [illegible] charity".

[illegible] as the "Critical Heritage" [illegible] on Milton shows, a more [illegible] and critical attitude pre[illegible] in the best commentaries [illegible] the end of the seventeenth [illegible] onwards. Milton came to be [illegible] as the one English epic poet [illegible] worthily be compared [illegible] Homer and Virgil, and as an un[illegible] master of the "sublime". In [illegible], Addison's *Spectator* [illegible], as Voltaire says, "pointed [illegible] most hidden Beauties of *Paradise Lost*, and settled [illegible] its Reputation". With the [illegible] of this view, however, [illegible] certain remoteness. "The [illegible] of a Poet", wrote Addi[illegible], "[illegible] much discovers itself in [illegible] the Common Roads of [illegible], without falling into [illegible] of Speech as may seem [illegible] unnatural." His typically [illegible] concern for *decorum*, so [illegible] Milton's also, and the [illegible] the tradition gave Ad[illegible] the *Spectator* readers a [illegible] with Milton's grand style [illegible] not so readily available to [illegible] readers. Indeed, when [illegible] goes so far as to [illegible] "Common Use" can [illegible] epic style, and for [illegible] works written in dead [illegible] have an advantage over [illegible] in living ones, he [illegible] a standard which [illegible] to guarantee the hostil[illegible] readers—though, for[illegible] Latinisms, syntac[illegible], and, to Addison's [illegible] also, have a dis[illegible] eighteenth-century, nun[illegible]

More important, however, for his ability to enter feelingly into Milton's work was Addison's complete acceptance of its Christian significance. In this respect he is a type of the reader that Milton took for granted; he possesses instinctive responses which modern readers do not have, and which can only be partially simulated. Yet the modern critic frequently feels it his business to attempt the simulation. Jon S. Lawry, for example, like others before him, maintains that "we must surrender our extra-Miltonic theological and metaphysical beliefs", and achieve not merely a willing suspension of disbelief, but an involvement so immediate that "we with Milton enact God's great poem". Ideally, the strategies of Milton's poetry work on the reader so that he lives through the represented experience, sometimes entering into a limited, temporal point of view, sometimes appreciating more God-like perspectives, but always caught up and implicated in the "vast drama".

And yet for the modern reader this must be an academic exercise. In Mr. Lawry's own dauntingly laboured style one senses the effort which it costs. The insights thus gained make the effort worth while, but how different is this anxious attempt to overcome disbelief from Addison's urbane comment on Milton's (almost unfair) advantage over Homer and Virgil, so far as eighteenth-century readers are concerned, in having Adam and Eve for his protagonists!

> The principal Actors in this Poem are not only our Progenitors, but our Representatives. We have an Actual Interest in every Thing they do, and no less than our utmost Happiness is concerned, and lies at Stake in all their Behaviour.

Such a sense of involvement is to be envied. Addison has himself travelled some distance from Milton. As an Augustan he has his own distorting critical preoccupations, which lead eventually to the detachment, and subsequently aesthetic, response of the twentieth-century reader; but his conviction that the fall of Adam and Eve "is not to be considered as what may possibly be, but what actually is our own Case" controls his reading of Milton in a way that later readers can only hope to achieve at moments when grace supervenes on the good works of plodding scholarship.

For the modern reader assumptions and relationships which stand as the hidden framework of Milton's poems also tend to disappear, and modern critical insistence on the autonomy of art makes the reader unwilling to give weight to such assumptions unless he can feel their pressure coming from within the work of art. Again, Addison provides an instructive contrast. Milton has taken care, he says, to put no impieties into the mouth of Satan that are not "big with Absurdity, and incapable of shocking a Religious Reader; his Words, as the Poet himself describes them, bearing only a *Semblance of Worth, not Substance*". A. J. A. Waldock—the representativeness of whose views is attested by the number of scholars who still seek to refute him—cannot accept the assumption here being made, that Satan is by definition the father of lies and *therefore* not to be trusted. Nor is he content to take Milton's word for it, where commentary seems to conflict with demonstration.

For those critics who would put Satan back in his Miltonic place the problem has been to show that "Absurdity" is inherent in the speeches themselves, and this they have tried to do with varying success. Among them we must now count John M. Steadman, who, in *Milton's Epic Characters*, claims that

> in at least one respect Waldock's own "critical procedure" was itself patently "naive". His most serious oversight was the failure to conceive the possibility of an instance where the poet's "level of demonstration" might comprehend a conscious delineation of falsehood.

In support of his own position Mr. Steadman refers to the traditional concern of Western moralists with "the moral ambivalence of eloquence, its adaptability to both good and evil ends", and to the contradiction that often exists in sophistic oratory between an assumed, or "rhetorical", and real character. Belial, for example, when he addresses his fellow rebels in *Paradise Lost*, II, evokes seemingly worthy criteria in the interest of what is essentially sloth and idleness. It is not, says Mr. Steadman, "Milton's 'exhibition' and 'comment' that are at variance; it is Belial's Character and Thought". This is an interesting comment, and enhances our appreciation of Milton's capacity for turning the frauds of political rhetoric into consummate art. It allows us also to admit that Belial makes certain points which are in fact valid, concerning for example the "incorruptible" nature of God while still being true to his false self. It works; but is it not, for all that, an external comment, a gloss upon Milton's gloss? Do we not still read Belial's speech reminding ourselves of its perversity rather than feeling it from within?

Such speeches are not, however, meant to be read out of context. With Milton more than with most poets we only learn to read him properly in part when we have learnt to read him as a whole; which means, as Balachandra Rajan shows in his new book on Milton, *The Lofty Rhyme*, both the whole made up of all his writings and the whole which is each particular work with "its own propriety, its power of containment and its chosen exclusions". The special characteristics of the whole which is *Paradise Lost* include the constant parallels and contrasts between Christ and Satan, revealing evil recurrently being made the occasion of good; the cumulative development that leads to the appropriately serpentine debasement of Satan and the fallen angels in their apparent moment of triumph; and the progressive revelation of a truly Christian concept of heroism which is at the same time an exposure of Satan as what Mr. Steadman calls "pseudo-hero and heroic *eidolon*".

In *Lycidas*, of which there are excellent studies in both Mr. Lawry's book and Professor Rajan's, the form is one of rhythmic alternation between pastoral and "shattering" storm increasing in intensity to a finally harmonizing climax. In Professor Rajan's words,

> Convention and elementality are the basic forces of contention in the poem and the struggle between them is not one for supremacy, but rather for a vision which can include both, which can accept the shock of reality, without sacrificing the sense of design.

Samson Agonistes is a tragedy in which the audience, though experiencing with the characters an unfolding of unexpected revelations, is also in possession of fuller knowledge which colours the partial understanding of the characters with moving dramatic irony. To this extent it is modelled on the Greeks; but out of these tensions Milton creates a reflexive form peculiar to himself in which, to quote Professor Rajan again, "dramatic irony seems to become a paradigm of providential irony", asking us "to reflect on ourselves as agents in a drama which means more than it can mean to us".

Reading Milton, and Miltonic criticism, is a strenuous business because there is in all his work a constant preoccupation with an overarching divine design, representing the ways of God, in which Milton seeks to locate all details of human experience, thus justifying the ways of God to man. Even in so early a poem as the *Nativity Ode* the specific moment with which it opens—"This is the Month, and this the happy morn"—rapidly expands to embrace present, past and future, and throughout the poem the nativity is felt as a tremendous event of which the particular lines and stanzas are the recorded tremors and reverberations.

It is this "architectonic power" which most impresses J. B. Leishman in his posthumously published *Milton's Minor Poems*—a marvellous display of scholarship, but also a work in which the temptation to hunt down echoes and allusions comes near to swamping the critic's sense of relevance. In a comparison of Milton and Shakespeare, Leishman suggests that Shakespeare's originality is often to be found in phrasing and details, but that Milton's consists in "adaptation, transmutation, and combination of detail suggested to him by his vast and various reading", and above all in his devising of plot, design and structure for which "the only source was Milton himself". This confirms once more the importance of the ordering and shaping principle by which all detail is contained in Milton's work.

Almost equally important is the counterbalancing principle of freedom of choice which makes it possible for the individual to reject order, but in the end both doctrine and form agree in subsuming man's—and even angels'—misuse of such freedom within order. If Milton's "architectonic power" is his greatest strength, it is also his greatest asset in his attempt to express his vision of man's relationship to God.

Most of the critics here reviewed modify, but leave essentially unaltered, that orthodox image of Milton which is typical of the best in modern academic study of his work. They are further contributors to a vast accumulation of effort, part of which is recorded, and usefully annotated, in Calvin Huckabay's bibliography of Milton studies from 1929 to 1968. The one notable exception is Northrop Frye in his paper, "The Revelation to Eve", which, in spite of its title and its appearance in the tercentenary volume on *Paradise Lost*, is not confined to Adam and Eve, but ranges over the whole of Milton's poetry. His method of approach is through symbols and imagery which suggest the presence of both masculine and feminine myths within an ordered system (in this Professor Frye seems to agree with the "orthodox" view) which is consciously committed to the masculine values of reason and design, and with a corresponding emphasis on sexual sublimation.

Starting with the notorious line, "Hee for God only, shee for God in him", interpreted as a pattern of the right relationship to be observed between "masculine" Creator and "feminine" (created) Nature, Professor Frye takes in a wide sweep of classical myth and Platonism to reach the following conclusion: Milton's imagery reveals

> a particular way of relating the two great mythological structures on which the literature of our own Near Eastern and Western traditions has been founded. One structure is dominated by a male father-god, stresses the rational order of nature, and thinks of nature as an artefact, something designed and constructed. The other centres on a mother-goddess, perennially renewing the mystery of birth in the act of love. . . . The father-myth is an inherently conservative one; the other is more naturally revolutionary, and the revolutionary emphasis in Milton shows how near he is to the mythology of Romanticism.

This, appropriately enough from such a well-known exponent of Blake as Professor Frye, looks like a twentieth-century version of the Romantic reading of Milton's work in its infernal sense. There are obvious dangers to such symbol-hunting, but the ambivalence that Professor Frye uncovers is convincing: and by accepting it we are relieved of the necessity inherent in a more one-sided view of supposing that one part of Milton was free and another part in fetters. He emerges as a poet who found a way of satisfying both the masculine and the feminine in himself and in the culture which he inherited. And it is the more attractive as an interpretation of Milton in that it does not deny the validity of the more orthodox interpretation. His assertion of the masculine values is complemented rather than contradicted by the presence of the feminine elements and their implication that "there was another meaning in these gifts".

Professor Frye has done no more than sketch the outlines of a possible interpretation, but he holds out a fascinating prospect. Without dethroning God and enthroning Satan in his stead, without denying the culpable uxoriousness of Adam in making a god of Eve and allowing the "Link of Nature" to draw him from his right relationship with his Creator, and also without needing to jettison that wealth of scholarship and criticism which has taken such judgments to be central to Milton's work, Professor Frye's suggestion that a feminine alternative is implicit in the imaginative materials used to create the received masculine system might help to balance and humanize our view of Milton. If so, we shall find confirmation in what is perhaps an unexpected quarter—Voltaire's comments on *Paradise Lost* in 1727. To him Milton's God is "a Creator, a Father, and a Judge", but not a tyrant, and the feminine qualities so abound in Milton's representation of Adam and Eve that he becomes, in Voltaire's opinion, one of the supreme poets of Love:

> It is observable that in all other Poems Love is represented as a Vice, in *Milton* only 'tis a Virtue. The Pictures he draws of it, are naked as the Persons he speaks of, and as venerable. He removes with a chaste Hand the Veil which covers every where else the enjoyments of that Passion. There is Softness, Tenderness and Warmth without Lasciviousness; the Poet transports himself and us, into that State of Innocent Happiness in which *Adam* and *Eve* continued for a short Time: He soars not above human, but above corrupt Nature, and as there is no Instance of such Love, there is none of such Poetry.

And men too

MINA TOMKIEWICZ:
Of Bombs and Mice
Translated by Stefan F. Gazel. Edited by Patrick Wyndham with the author
336pp. Allen and Unwin. £2 10s.

Mina Tomkiewicz's "story of the Warsaw ghetto" is no heavily fictionalized tale of daring and indomitable courage: unsurprisingly, as the novel is largely autobiographical; the rising takes second place to the minutiae of day-to-day life in the ghetto and the book's strength lies in this realism. Like her neighbours, Nata is concerned only to remain unharmed, to keep as many of her possessions as possible and to protect her young son, Bobush. The crises—the enclosure of the ghetto, the typhoid epidemic, the uprising and the final deportation to concentration camps—are approached through events which, though comparatively trivial, accumulate to leave a lasting sense of tragedy. The scavenging for food, the makeshift concerts, the street-traders peddling Star of David armbands, the Jewish police providing a daily quota of "heads" for forced-labour camps: these, together with the more personal problems of a marriage under strain, are the particulars of Nata's ghetto life. It is a harrowing picture: but a picture which, unfortunately, falls out of focus when it lacks—as it too often does—the linguistic sharpness needed to provide clear detail. There are times when the prose seems to suffer at the hands of its translator (there is an almost prim inflexibility about some of the dialogue); at others, the author's need for emphasis leads to a welter of emotionally charged metaphor and unlikely similes, when in fact, the quieter accounts of Nata's daily compromise with the squalor and injustice of the ghetto form the more moving parts of the book.

Other recent novels

LOTTE BULLOCK:
Aquarius Angel
222pp. Macmillan. 35s.

To begin with, it seems that Mr. Angel, the aging, eccentric autocrat, might turn out to be almost lovably bizarre. He keeps a pair of octopuses which he fortifies with ultraviolet lamps and entertains with passages from Wagner; what is more, his affinity with the octopuses has decidedly quirky undercurrents. Careful research in astrology leads him to believe that his life is threatened and that safety lies in constant immersion. He designs what is, literally, a bath-chair: a tank of heated water on wheels, which is built and maintained by the sinister Dr. Symster and his bald wife, sacks his cook (a Pisces, most unfavourable to the welfare of Aquarians) and spends most of his time under water, relying for everything on his harassed housekeeper, Minna, whose journal forms the narrative.

By this time, what started out looking like a promising black comedy has revealed itself as a rather limp melodrama. Minna, edgy and faintly disapproving, though still loyal, helps Mr. Angel in and out of his tank, prepares his meals, fends off the persistently curious ex-cook and grows increasingly suspicious of the Symsters. Lacking humour, but lacking tension also, the story loses the initial sense of weirdness and despite the chair, the octopuses and the Symsters, the details of Minna's quotidian ministrations to Mr. Angel grow increasingly dull. When someone finally pulls the plug on the old boy, it's neither funny nor sad—more of a relief.

STUART CLOETE:
The Abductors
479pp. Collins. 35s.

Stuart Cloete's part-documentary novel is, among other things, an attack on the social and political climate of Victorian England, a sort of "Insight" job on the then thriving business of white slavery and child prostitution. Indeed, part of Mr. Cloete's purpose is to show that the international traffic in "missing" girls still flourishes, as the appendix of contemporary cases indicates. Careful research (a five-page bibliography is there as proof) leads to comprehensiveness, if nothing else, and Mr. Cloete takes a swipe, en passant, at the Victorian property laws, the lack of rights of married women, the chronic class inequalities and the wretchedness of the poor; so it's not surprising that the characters sometimes look like poorly disguised advocates, or that the story-line bends more than a little under the weight of its author's indignation.

The first victim, both of the slave trade and of Mr. Cloete's zeal, is Ellen—governess to the children of Edward Lenton—who is sold to a brothel by Edward after refusing to become his mistress. Edward's wife, Lavinia, discovers this and with the help of a local lawyer—with whom she eventually unearths her own subterranean sexuality—begins a campaign against the vice-rings. When her own children are kidnapped and sold to French brothels, she has little left to lose; the crusade intensifies and the plot gives way, even more, to documentation with the introduction of reformers like Bramwell Booth and W. T. Stead. The point is made, the justifiable wrath comes through, but too often at the cost of credibility as characters and events are manipulated in order to serve a documentary purpose.

SHEILA GRAEME:
Things Have Gone to Pieces
157pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 25s.

Sheila Graeme's second novel is about a painter—a poor, furtive, solitary painter—who models at an art school in the daytime and locks himself in a tiny room afterwards to indulge his untutored passion. Surrounded by confident and idle art students, Glück shrinks into a private world, illuminated only by his collection of brightly coloured sweet-papers and marbles, which are the inspiration of his work. When he is discovered and turned into a success, he marries a dull girl, moves into a comfortable flat and discovers that his life and work have been disrupted, wrecked by success. His in-laws toss out his collection of rubbish and he goes off to start a new life and a new collection in another place, determined never again to show anyone his painting. He has a family in the background to explain him: a father who is musical but untalented, a mother who buys useless objects at auctions and goes mad and dies, and a brother who dreams of leaving his job to swoop off on his motorbike. There are moments of bright humour in the book, but too often it degenerates into a monotonous catalogue of eccentricities, an inventory of squalors. There is something unduly puritanical about the author's insistence that artists are spoiled by success and flourish on neglect, but Glück is sometimes made just plausible and odd enough to make it possible that this might be true of him.

D. KEITH MANO:
Horn
330pp. Barrie and Jenkins. 30s.

Horn is set in the future, at a time when Black militancy is strong. Harlem is run by George Horn Smith, a Negro who has a freakish eleven-inch horn jutting from his forehead, and who, according to his autobiography, tackled incredible adversity before becoming middleweight champion of the world and, finally, a leader of the Black revolution in the United States. The narrative is provided by Calvin Beecher Pratt, a mild, fat, understandably frightened Episcopalian priest, who elects to take a parish in Harlem after reading of Horn's life. The stand-off between these two men—their crass dissimilarity—provides Mr. Mano's theme, which is to show that, despite everything, they are not so unalike.

There are some very clever things in *Horn*: the high rhetoric and gaucherie of Horn's autobiography (excerpts are slotted, rather leadenly, into Pratt's narrative) is well judged, occupying a position somewhere between the embarrassing and the frightening. Similarly, John Meeker, a priest also, and a Harlem veteran, is finely characterized as a liberal whose desire for identification with, and acceptance by, the black population of Harlem has pushed him to almost psychotic extremes; and Pratt's fear of physical violence—and his ultimate subjection to it—is conveyed with a fitting intensity and tells us as much about the potential hatred of a tormented race for its persecutors as about Pratt's personal timidity.

The book's length, though, proves a major drawback. There is too much space for the tension to spread into, and become absorbed; too often, this is what happens. The surprise "sting in the tail" might have stung a little more had it not been so long in coming.

YVONNE MITCHELL:
Martha on Sunday
127pp. Blond. 25s.

A first—and lasting—impression of Yvonne Mitchell's new novel is of someone trying too hard. Martha Jebb's long interior monologue takes us through a day in her life as an actress. The confusion and obscurities we encounter from the outset are there to underline the way in which Martha's "real" self is eroded by the part she is playing. She is the victim of a controlled and self-induced form of schizophrenia; but the confusions spread to the prose to such an extent that the lack of cohesion in the writing makes it impossible to judge the limits of confusion in the character. Is Martha mad? Is she simply obsessed by her role? Is her deliberate welding of real and unreal a subtle form of emotional self-defence? The way in which the novel closes seems to indicate that she is, in fact, providing us with an object lesson in the possible dangers of any one of these things without having yet become a victim of them. If so, it is an elaborate lesson and a rather self-consciously cute one, with bouts of odd stagy rhetoric and emotional hamming to chronically overstate the case, and a deadly facility for saying the slick, if meaningless, thing: "Instant coffee and instant time and instant space are one."

Very occasionally a more subtle tone comes through—one of incipient breakdown born of too much sensitivity—and this is accompanied by an attractively wry form of self-parody and by sardonic comments from Martha's director on the way in which she dissembles. This lighter, more open and more penetrating manner is only glimpsed, but might have done much more in revealing the real Martha Jebb.

Crime in brief

ROBIN ADAM:
Stalk to Kill
187pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.

There's a vehement but exaggerated Buchanism in this nearly but not quite good enough story of spies and over-abiding guilt traumas in Scotland and in Rhodes. The characters are too allegorical—Honour, Dishonour, Loyalty, &c.—and the motives too tangled and improbable.

DOMINIC DEVINE:
Illegal Tender
224pp. Collins. 25s.

Well-substantiated background of a Scottish town council to a reasonably well-clued story of murders and corruption.

CHARLES DRUMMOND:
Stab in the Back
192pp. Victor Gollancz. 25s.

A smooth, cunning and delightful story in which clever bibulous Sergeant Reed works in with the high-ups to uncover the dirt clinging to a classy theatrical family through Edwardian amours and snitched treasure. The plot, looked at coldly, is pretty shapeless and casual, but the heat of the chase and the enjoyment of the telling inhibit cold reason.

ELIZABETH FERRARS:
The Seven Sleepers
222pp. Collins. 25s.

A pretty plot and an amusing tale about young Luke recovering from a nasty accident and not wanting *ever* to think of his murdered grandmother who was certainly one of four and, as it turns out when he gets dragged up to Edinburgh, of seven. It is a pity we do not really get to see everyone's grandfather's diary, but even without it the morbid gaiety never flags.

JONATHAN GEORGE:
The Kill Dog
224pp. Macmillan. 25s.

This is a serious adventure story by someone who cared deeply about the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia. Encircled by this terrible period of time, he has built a troubling story of a Czech professor with a liberal conscience and a young Englishwoman who became involved.

RAYMOND HAGGARD:
Miss Ivory White
256pp. Collins. 25s.

Here is yet another of the Bond-type books—strong man, beautiful women good and bad, dubious Intelligence, harsh measures and ending: up to this now slightly shop-soiled scratch.

MICHAEL HASTINGS:
Fire Mountain
183pp. Macdonald. 25s.

An interesting little story about underwater archaeology in a corrupt Central American republic, under the shadow of revolution and volcanic eruption.

BRADSHAW JONES:
Taint of Plague
183pp. John Long. 21s.

Far from first class, but worth reading for the matter-of-fact probability that drags an unhappily married middle-class business man down to all too available depths in today's society.

EMMA LATHEN:
Murder To Go
256pp. Gollancz. 24s.

No need to say more of this than that it's excellent, but if anyone wants to know the ambience of … Sloan Guaranty Trust's current … nexion with crime, it's chicken f… chise. Startingly, middle-aged N… England banker-hero Thatcher … "different than".

ROY LEWIS:
A Wolf by the Ears
224pp. Collins. 25s.

Pleasant country-solicitor … client accused first of bastardy … then of murder. Real murd… guessable, treatment convention… investigation and cases enjoyable.

HUGH PENTECOST:
The Girl with Six Fingers
181pp. Gollancz. 24s.

One doesn't want to carp, but … trouble with Hugh Pentecost, as … his *alter ego* Judson Philips, is … much morality for a story-tel… good. His not-at-all-bad novels … overloaded with protest against … lent America. This apart, the cam… book is about one of those … ized townships, now ostensibly … law and order but actually … doings; and everyone's out of … step but our hero.

DELL SHANNON:
Schooled to Kill
220pp. Gollancz. 25s.

Another Mendoza story, this … with amiable shaggy dog as … the rather boring cats. Police work … usual, convincing and crammed, … the main criminal, the child-… experienced readers will pick … first mention, though the police … until the end.

MAJ SJOWALL and PER WAHLÖ…:
The Man Who Went Up in Smoke
Translated by Joan Tate.
183pp. Gollancz. 30s.

The main reason for reviewing … Swedish crime story is the interest … its contrast with English and Am…can ones where, if we cross the … Curtain, it is with justified appre…sion because into danger. But S…dish Inspector Beck goes to Hun… with no more concern that he … to England, and his lack of wor… as justified as our terrors are. … seeking a missing journalist … solid, not very exciting story … vestigative work.

MARTIN TARMEY:
Skinman
184pp. Barrie and Jenkins. 25s.

Nearer a novel than a crime … for all its formal violence, th… novel has an unusual hero … middle-aged Birmingham me… of rabbit skins who tries to … from dangerous trading but … himself in new and greater da… from disease and love. Loose … dangle all over, but the ten… good and so is the invention.

MILES TRIPP:
A Man Without Friends
160pp. Macmillan. 21s.

Cool and witty, the statement … somewhat psychopathic grap…ist accused of murdering his … not quite cunningly enough … off the investigating policeman … whether or not finally getting … deserts left to us to judge.

SARA WOODS:
An Improbable Fiction
191pp. Collins. 25s.

Once again, a pleasant … story about barrister Anthony … land, who this time takes on … most certain loser concern… outrageous libel on a … programme and, after skuld… finds it unnecessary to win … made game, set and match else…

Good on yer, Gorton

…S TRENGOVE:
… Grey Gorton
… Cassell. £2 10s.

…is as much an informal apology …as an "informal biography" (to … the subtitle) of the Australian … Minister by a Melbourne jour… … and self-confessed ardent …er of Mr. Gorton. If Mr. Gor…ton, we are informed, read the …manuscript, is not pleased with …this biography he must be very … to please, for the picture which …es is an extremely engaging one … resolute, high-minded, Mallee …er and war veteran (his face flat… … into Charlie Drake wryness by … air crash) whose leading qualities … politician are directness, infor…ty and tough-mindedness. But … Mr. Trengove emphasizes … plebeian, Australian virtues as …mate birth, enjoying a beer … the boys in country pubs, and …ast a show of) artistic low…ism, it is difficult to square Mr. …'s denial of being a member … the Establishment" with an …-class education moulded at …ng Grammar School and finished at Oxford, where, like other Brasenose men, he concentrated on sport and society rather than study and (we are told) formed his closer friends among Etonians. Certainly, almost the only evidence of scholarly interests revealed since then, apart from a taste for doggerel, is his attempt in a Senate speech in 1950 to draw an analogy between Genghis Khan and Attila the Hun and communist aggression in South-East Asia. As first Commonwealth Education Minister he revealed diligence rather than ardour.

It is likewise possible to place a different construction from Mr. Trengove on Mr. Gorton's part in the disastrous split in the Victorian Country Party in 1949 and the creation of the Liberal-Country Party. This switch is explained in terms of high principle; it is only later in quite a different context that we learn that some colleagues regarded him as an "opportunist". It is chastening, too, to learn that Gorton, when he first entered the Senate, was a keen member of the "Formosa Lobby" along with right-wing eccentrics like W. C. Wentworth and Sir Wilfrid Kent Hughes, but at least it makes his uneasy rigidity later in foreign policy more explicable.

Mr. Trengove, having brought his hero to the top, skims over what could have been the most interesting phase of all: the difficult early days of a Prime Minister new both to that office and to the House of Representatives, and his attempts to have the party's social policy radically overhauled. Nor does he tell us in detail what went wrong and made the General Election last year nearly disastrous, though he rightly gives the allegations of private impropriety short shrift. But perhaps the final report of John Gorton's headmaster at Geelong, Dr. Darling, is pertinent still: "He is really too wilful, I think, and obstinate sometimes rather than strong-minded." Whether Dr. Darling was right in adding, "he is the sort which learns only from experience", remains to be seen. So far, since the election, almost the only signs of change have been an occasional unwonted modesty and—less attractively—a disposition to unleash colleagues compulsively inclined to renew that favourite election standby of the Menzies era—the "red menace".

…ig-hearted bloke book

…LAS PIKE (Editor):
… Dictionary of Biography
…e III: 1851-1890, A- C.
… Melbourne University Press.
…: Cambridge University Press.

…e Three of the *Australian* …ary of Biography appears to …d at a more rollicking pace … its predecessors, the two which …s from A-H and from I-Z … 1788 to 1850. The reasons …e quickening of pace are, of … historical rather than stylis… … small society of the earlier …s, inevitably dominated by …-governors, lawyers, officials …soldiers—has expanded geo…ally, economically and men… Australia is now more than … South Wales and Van Die… Land. Free settlers, lured by … other possibilities of expan… …owd in numbers far greater … the convicts. In come Louis … the Chinese entrepreneur, … Bunney the old Etonian, … Appel the German-born … businessman; in come … Bentham's nephew, Lincoln's …'s brother, and Lord Robert … with his little notebook. With… decade of the gold discoveries …pulation has trebled. Its needs … by increasingly diversified …, from book-selling to …king. And the native-born … as the immigrants begin to … or to welcome other people's … on what it is to be an … bloke.

…discoveries of gold play the …matic part in this period of …, it is arguable that the …mative event was that which … on January 31, 1880: the … of the *Bulletin*, that cheer…reverent, image-building paper … as *The Times* commented, … bush Australia up to … Jules François Archi… …foundation editor, is rightly … of the longest articles … Despite a careful, … Archibald remains … cannot fully assess … solar and heeler of … until later volumes … of his originality … of Lawson, Paterson … May.

… that "vigorous" … are recurrent ad… … this volume. Vigour … through it almost as … fights of Cobb and … dazzle of Cole's … as audibly as the … Carboni (and … his unperformable … implemented by a … and vegetarianism, carries the centenarian Harriet Clingsby from a shanty of eucalyptus bark to a medical degree in middle age and a lifetime of championing women's rights. Vigour enables a very different woman, Celeste de Chabrillan, once the toast of Paris as the Hippodrome's star horse-rider, to a level of literary expression which kept Alexander Dumas awake for two nights reading her Australian novel, *Les Voleurs d'or*. Certainly vigour enables G. J. Bonnor, the biggest hitter in cricket history, to hit a ball at the Oval so high that he and his partner ran three before it was caught. And misdirected vigour impelled Robert O'Hara Burke to dash—the verb is aptly chosen for this inexperienced, unscientific and irrationally noble adventure—to Cooper's Creek. "It was magnificent, but it was not exploration." To Francis Adams, who believed that England's soul had shrunk to a skeleton, life in Australia seems to have appealed from the day of his arrival: "The people in Australia breathes free. . . . . This is a true republic, the truest, I take it, in the world." Optimism seems the order of the day, with self-criticism as distant as the depression of the 1890s, or as Federation.

The editors of this volume, as well as Professor Pike the general editor, are to be congratulated on providing a work which is at once an excellent reference book and a readable collection of essays. Some of them are masterly, and few are wholly dull. Contributors, as before, are drawn from amateur as well as professional historians, and here include the former Australian Test captain, Ian Johnson, on Bonnor the great hitter and Boyle, the deadly leg-break bowler, who "played the game right up to the handle". The reader may occasionally tire of some contributors' faithful reports of trivialities, such as that A habitually left many letters unanswered, or B drank wine at dinner. Yet it is arguable that even the pious catalogue of facts such as that X, a public servant, was presented in 1882 with his portrait in oils, an embossed address and a silver centrepiece, may add tiny, authentic detail to this florid period—as, more refreshingly, does the contention that Z was accorded "one of the most fatuous funeral orations ever mouthed".

This dictionary is indubitably Australian in style. A small instance of the pervading big-heartedness may be detected in the lists of corrigenda for previous volumes inserted in this one. Mostly of the order of "for *sister* read *cousin*", or "for *October* read *November*", they include the following emendation: "for *died in infancy* read *lived to a ripe old age at Orange*".

Down undermost

KEITH JACKSON and JOHN HARRE:
New Zealand
224pp. Thames and Hudson. 35s.

This is a useful book for anyone looking for a short and reasonably reliable account of life in contemporary New Zealand. Although its main emphasis is on the present day, the authors have gained some depth by devoting the first quarter of the book to a sketch of the geographical and geological background and the vegetable and animal life, together with a summary of the successive settlements by Maori and European immigrants.

Against this perspective the authors go on to discuss politics, social conditions, strategic situation and foreign policy, the effect of postwar immigration, the present condition of the Maoris, and the part played in people's lives by sport and culture.

Inevitably much of the ground is familiar to anyone who already knows something of New Zealand, but the authors take nothing for granted and some accepted ideas get rather a drubbing. The earlier sections have taken recent research into account (as the brief bibliography confirms). And some sharp points are made; it is justly said that the credit for prevailing racial harmony should rightly go to the Maori rather than to the pakeha; the Commonwealth is "no more than a discarded ideal" (not wholly true, but something that could not have been asserted twenty years ago); New Zealanders are indicted for their tendency to rely on a "cargo-cult"; and the snobbery of tracing one's origins to the first ships is shown to apply to Europeans as well as to Maoris.

In general the reader has the sense of lively and critical minds at work except in the pages that deal with the arts. These are ungainly in style (an outmoded use of *Time* style is disagreeable: for example, "literary figure Charles Brasch", "painter Hodgkins") and perfunctory in treatment, as if the authors, a political scientist and a sociologist, felt unsure of their ground and at the same time cocksure.

Essays in empathy

WILLIAM WALSH:
A Manifold Voice
218pp. Chatto and Windus. 35s.

Professor Walsh's book essentially consists of critical essays about nine writers from what is still with wry though inaccurate convenience called the Commonwealth. The cast, in order of appearance, is R. K. Narayan and Nirad C. Chaudhuri from India; Olive Schreiner and Chinua Achebe (such gulfs of time and kind only art could bridge) from Africa; V. S. Naipaul from the West Indies; Patrick White and A. D. Hope from Australia; Katherine Mansfield, considered primarily in relation to New Zealand; and Morley Callaghan from Canada.

Let the important point come first. This is unusually good criticism. One regrets the "unusually". But the fact is inescapable that one rarely nowadays encounters a critic who writes well enough himself to make one accept his right to criticize; modest enough to reassure one that he is writing about his author and not about himself; and so perceptive as to reveal things that the reader might not have seen unprompted or, failing that, to make him modify or confirm judgments he has already made.

These are the qualities that make the present book so agreeable to read and so stimulating. To go further: the authors being discussed here might well find that for once they were learning something from a critic: such is his faculty for entering into the writer's intention with little short of a novelist's empathy, and yet remaining far enough outside to be able to say something at once new and worth saying.

Professor Walsh has risked invidia by making a choice of the writers whom he thinks to have contributed to the resources of the English language. So even, however, is the quality of his own work that this reviewer at least would find it invidious to proffer a preference among which of the studies has itself contributed most to criticism. Enough to say, perhaps, that the essay on the only poet, A. D. Hope, is especially fresh and convincing.

If a reservation has to be expressed it is that there is too little cross-comparison. Each study is self-contained to excess. The individual writers are displayed virtually without a wider literary or social context than emerges from their own work. Yet each has emerged from concentric circles of tradition: that of his own literature, however brief and contracted its history; that of English literature in the widest sense; and that of the literature of the world.

Not that one would wish for the modish density of a Kermode; but even in a book as brief as this an introduction or a conclusion which frankly faced the whole concept of "Commonwealth Literature" more squarely than the evasive asides of the preface would have been welcome. That concept seems suspect, something of an academic invention, a device to categorize and turn into a "subject" a growing variety of works which will need many critics as good as Professor Walsh before it is ordered and domesticated to the degraded state of "Eng. Lit.". And the "Manifold Voice" of the title is only by historical accident that of the "Commonwealth". It is better heard as the voice of humanity crying out through writers who are themselves grappling with the ancient problem of using the local, what they know, to say something which is universal.

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The Antiquarian Book Fair

From a Correspondent

Three floors of books and manuscripts at the National Book League for the Thirteenth Annual Fair of the Antiquarian Booksellers' Association emphasize, once again, the astonishing reserves of books in this country and the extraordinary diversity of interests and expertise in the book trade east of the Atlantic. While the appearance of booksellers from Amsterdam and Florence is welcome and brings to British collectors some very interesting Continental books of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, basically this is a British booksellers' occasion and the ABA is to be congratulated on its achievement.

The Fair, which shows selections from the stock of forty-five antiquarian booksellers, is open only until this Friday evening, and gives collectors and librarians the opportunity of seeing books ranging from fifteenth-century manuscripts to productions of modern presses. Broadly, the exhibits show no decline in quality or interest from the standards set by the first Fairs and the appearance of new names and the increase in the number of the exhibitors is welcome. The well-known and important books, Gould's *Birds of Europe*, 5 volumes, 1832-37, Edwards's *British Herbal*, 1770 (shown by Traylen of Guildford), the Schwerdt *Catalogue of books, manuscripts [etc.] on Hunting, hawking and shooting*, 4 volumes, 1937 (Frank Hollings of London), Aretino's *De bello Italico*, Venice, Jenson, 1471 (Van Gendt of Amsterdam), Curtis's *Flora Londinensis*, 3 volumes, 1777-98, *Arc triomphal de l'Empereur Maximilien I*, Vienna, 1799, with woodcut illustrations from the original wood-blocks of the sixteenth century after the designs of Albrecht Dürer (Weinreb of London), and similar high-spots, are to be found in the next stands to well-bound sets of English authors, "three-decker" novels of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, Kelmscott Press books, eighteenth-century political and literary pamphlets, Scottish bindings, sixteenth-century English and Continental books, original watercolour drawings, autograph letters of Edward Lear, Nelson, Edmund Blunden, Prokofiev and Gauguin and novels of the past fifty years.

Some books will be familiar to the reader of auction sale catalogues but booksellers are usually able to give more space in their catalogues to their description of a book than an auctioneer is able to afford to do, and these descriptions can be, and very often are, both informative and interesting. But only a few of the books on show here have been through the auction rooms recently and there are a good number of rare and unusual exhibits which are well worth examining. Ferreira's *Arte de Caca d'Alteneira*, Lisbon, 1616, with eight contemporary water-colour drawings illustrating methods of catching birds (exhibited by Mrs. Parikian of Waterstock, Oxford), a collecton of rare English grammars of the seventeenth century including Lily's *Short introduction of Grammar*, 1685, bound in one volume (Holland Bros. of Ledbury), and the same firm's *Brief survey of the County of Kent*, 1657, by Kilburne, an autograph letter from Edmund Blunden about his *Undertones of War*, and one from Nelson to Lady Hamilton (Miss W. Myers of London), Tagliente's *Arte de lo excellente scriverer*, 1562, with the lovely woodcuts of humanistic cursive script (John Grant of Edinburgh), a letter from Trotsky to Harold Laski, dated 1933, about his proposed life of Lenin and an early letter from Nietzsche (both at the stand of John Wilson of London), Malthus's *Essay on the principle of Population*, the enlarged second edition of 1803 with a presentation inscription from the author to Edward Daniel Clarke who had accompanied Malthus on his tour of Scandinavia and Russia to collect more information for this edition (Howes of Hastings), and the same firm's collection of 120 original coloured designs of carpets made for the China Carpet Trading Co. of Tientsin in the early years of this century, are but a few of the unusual works to be seen.

This year's display exhibition is of children's books and one exhibitor who has a number of children's books for sale is R. A. Brimmell of Hastings. Another fascinating collection is of books on furniture exhibited by B. Weinreb of London. But it is invidious to single out these few works that have caught the eye in a quick tour of the exhibition rooms; from a humanist manuscript of Lactantius [circa 1465] (Alan Thomas of London) to the publisher's papier mâché bindings of the mid-nineteenth century (Miss C. Warrack of London), and from Peter Murray Hill's seventeenth and eighteenth-century pamphlets to Van Gendt's first editions of Erasmus, there is an exciting collection of manuscripts and printed books, at by no means unreasonable prices (in fact, there are some quite outstanding bargains) at this year's Book Fair.

Recapitulations

JOHN ARDAGH:
The New France
719pp. Penguin. 16s

Original title: *The New French Revolution*. Mr. Ardagh "has here produced by far the best English study of non-political France . . . he studies each problem in factual technical terms, and he also takes the trouble to talk to some of the most responsible people. . . . His monumental book covers so enormous a ground that no simple conclusion is possible. His last chapter suggests, however, that although France has made spectacular progress since the war . . . she must go on with modernization at an even faster tempo if she is 'not to go the way of the Aztecs'" (*TLS*, August 22, 1968).

❦ Mr. Ardagh was extremely unlucky in the timing of the publication of the first edition of his book; for this second edition—besides much new material, especially in the section on education—he has added an unemotional chapter on the "Legacy of May": "There has *not* been any sudden revolution, in the ordinary sense of the term—save, to a degree, in the world of education." Not surprisingly, the qualifying phrase "before 1968" now occurs frequently throughout the skilfully revised text.

WALTER BENJAMIN:
Illuminations
Edited and with an introduction by Hannah Arendt. Translated by Harry Zohn.
280pp. Cape. £2 5s.

Walter Benjamin was the subject of a front-page article: "During his lifetime this most original, most delicately perceptive yet incisive of German, one would surely say European, literary and cultural critics was known to only a handful of friends or uneasy colleagues. He completed little of what he planned and eked out a precarious, splintered existence. Ideas he initiated, theories he argued in an elusive compact vein, have been taken up and noisily exploited since". What are required are usable translations, and "when the main of the work is available to a wider circle of readers Walter Benjamin will emerge as one of the most penetrating philosophical critics, as one of the sensibilities most 'sweetly strong' (in the sense of *soave forza*), that European culture has produced since Coleridge" (*TLS*, August 22, 1968).

❦ *Illuminations* is a selection from Benjamin's essays, offering rather less than the German selection entitled *Illuminationen*. "To grasp the genuine relationship between an original and a translation requires an investigation analogous to the argumentation by which a critique of cognition would have to prove the impossibility of an image theory". The proposition itself, as well as the density of the phrasing, convey something of the task of anyone trying to render Walter Benjamin into English. Mr. Harry Zohn has laboured valiantly, but he is very often defeated. The curious "transparency" of Benjamin, the lightness inside the kabbalistic maze, goes lost, as does a good deal of the particular post-Kantian and meta-Marxist idiom. Nevertheless, this selection of texts is of the first importance. Even if their availability in English remains only a partial one, Benjamin on Kafka, on Baudelaire, on Leskov and the art of narrative or "On the work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction" (an essay more penetrating than the very similar work done by Malraux two decades later), are among the most important acts of understanding and *Kulturkritik* in modern letters. Miss [illegible] Arendt's long preface adds [illegible]sively to the value of this volume.

NORMAN COHN:
The Pursuit of the Millennium
412pp. Temple Smith. £[illegible] Paladin. 15s.

"Professor Cohn has writte[n a] haunting and significant book. [...] His important and original [...] relates the manifestations of med[ieval] hysteria to the totalitarian m[ove]ments of our own time. . . . B[ut the] book is not only a contributio[n to] history: it is highly relevant to [the] mass stampedes which took [...] liberal bourgeoisie of the [...] twentieth century by surpri[se]" (*TLS*, July 26, 1957).

❦ Professor Cohn's book is e[ven] more relevant today. He has a[dded] a new conclusion relating it to [the] contemporary scene and [has] expanded his bibliography. [The] mirage of a secularized millen[nium] now appeals, he considers, bo[th to] the "disorientated and desperate [of] underdeveloped countries, and to [the] equally disorientated minority [on the] fringes of the social democratic [...]. We can already recognize in the [...] "deviant form of medieval m[...]cism" the states of mind now ind[uced] by the cult of the total emancipat[ion] of the individual from society and drugs.

CLAUDE LEVI-STRAUSS:
The Raw and the Cooked
Introduction to a Science [of] Mythology: I.
Translated by John and Do[reen] Weightman.
387pp. Cape. £3 5s.

"A detailed, highly technical an[aly]sis of certain motifs in the my[tho]logy of the Indians of the Ama[zon] more exactly in the creation m[yths] of the Bororo and Ge peoples." [The] oppositon between raw and coo[ked] is "one sub-topic" of the la[rger] opposition between nature an[d cul]ture, and here Lévi-Strauss [...] 187 legends and folk tales [...] their essential congruence [...] tends the raw/cooked opp[osition ...] a conclusion that "the disc[overy of] cooking has profoundly [...] man's conception of the rel[ations] between heaven and earth" [...] front-page article, April 29, 196[...]

❦ Only those who have w[...] with *Le Cru et le cuit* in its ori[ginal] version will fully apprecia[te the] work done by John and Do[reen] Weightman. Inevitably, some [...] of the peculiar lyric density of [Lévi-] Strauss's manner is lost, and [there] are technical passages on wh[ich one] might quarrel with the trans[lation]. But in very large measure, th[is is an] outstanding piece of interpre[tation]. Indeed, it is likely that those [who] seriously engage the four vo[lumes] of the *Mythologiques* serie[s will], henceforth, want the Weigh[tman] text beside the French in ord[er to] clear up some of the not[orious] perplexities of Lévi-Strauss's [argu]ment and vocabulary. The W[eight]mans are, in the true sense, [...]ers over one's shoulder". The [...] text includes the plates, graph[s and] bestiary of the Plon edition [...]

NATHALIE SARRAUTE:
Between Life and Death
Translated by Maria Jolas.
183pp. Calder and Boyars [...]

French title: *Entre la vie [et la] mort*. A novel which is a [...] successful climax" to Nathal[ie Sar]raute's form of the *nouveau [roman]*. There is a single character, [...]ist caught up in the "po[...] excitements" of the creativ[e pro]cess. Real people, with their [...]entic language, are both a [...] a threat to him and his per[...] of them is filled out wit[h ...] profound, imaginary conve[rsations] (*TLS*, July 11, 1968).

❦ The translation, by M[aria Jolas, Sar]raute's close friend Ma[...] as excellent as ever, but [...] itself is poorly produced.

Nature and more

FREDERICK B. ADAMS, JR. (Compiler):
Bookbindings by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson
An Exhibition at the Pierpont Morgan Library.
Spiral Press. $3.80.

The story of how Thomas James Cobden-Sanderson, 41 years old and intellectual rolling stone par excellence, took up bookbinding after a chance conversation with Mrs. William Morris in 1883 is too well known to bear repetition. It is more interesting, nearly a century later, to consider the results, and we are deeply indebted to the Pierpont Morgan Library for the opportunity to do so for the first time on any scale.

The exhibition commemorated the 75th anniversary of the pivotal year in Cobden-Sanderson's life, when, nine years and 120-odd bindings later, he ceased to bind with his own hands and founded the Doves Bindery. Over two-thirds of his bindings from this period now in America were brought together by Mr. Frederick B. Adams, Jr., then Director of the Morgan Library, and the event marked by a catalogue which in every respect is as good as one could wish. Scandalous though it may be that Cobden-Sanderson has not yet been accorded a similar honour in his own country (we really must make amends in the centenary year of 1984), the New York exhibition was a fitting reminder of the early and voracious appetite of Americans for his bindings (epitomized by Lemuel W. Bangs, Messrs. Scribner's agent, into whose pocket, William Bain records, almost every new binding seemed to drop); a tradition nobly continued by such discriminating collectors as Mr. Norman H. Strouse and Mr. John A. Saks, the principal private lenders to the exhibition.

Arriving on the bookbinding scene when manual dexterity had altogether superseded design "and with infinite elaboration the clever executant produces precisely nothing", Cobden-Sanderson took it upon himself to rejuvenate the craft: "Art proper is of no time save the present", he wrote, "and I am emphatically of the opinion that infinite mischief has been done, and is being done, by the notion that a style is not either alive or dead, but, once dead, may be raised any number of times and set to walk the earth again as if alive". This reaction against the retrospective bindings and *reliures parlantes* which constituted the output of the craft at this period no doubt explains the sparse reference in his designs to earlier styles of bindings, although he retained the traditional modes of distributing his patterns on the covers. Even his inspiration for his constant (and splendidly overscaled) use of the rather un-English *semé* comes, one suspects, from nothing earlier than a now-lost binding designed by William Morris (Aymer Vallance, *The art of William Morris*, 1897, plate XL).

Cobden-Sanderson's natural elegance of design in fact had its roots in nature; there was not a single binding in the exhibition which was not decorated with leaves or flowers or both; and a passionate love for the beauty of flowers, amounting almost to empathy, is a recurrent theme of the *Journals*. The "tremulous" of his tooling, derided by his contemporaries as incompetence, was merely part of "that artistic fancy and delightful variation of details which constitute the life of the craft", deriving from "the naturalism of nature". But nature alone is not enough. It is part of a larger plan in which the craftsman, as the representative of society, has a substantial, almost holy part to play. His design must be

an organism whose parts have symmetrical relationship, one to another, upon a plan of his own devising. In doing this he will develop, in the measure of his success, some of the greatest qualities of intelligence, and he will be putting himself in line with the constructive intellects of all times and kinds, nay, even with the intelligence which planned the universe and gave to it rhythmical and symmetrical order.

That he should have found adequate expression for all this within the traditional and exigent disciplines of his craft is the measure of his greatness: greatness which the catalogue, the most significant contribution to Cobden-Sanderson studies to date, makes abundantly clear.

The catalogue itself is a handsome production, well up to the high standards we have come to expect from the Spiral Press, and the thirty-six plates are of especially excellent quality.

In order to commemorate the contribution made to the art of typography by Beatrice Warde, who died earlier this year, it is proposed to found an annual Beatrice Warde lecture. It will be given on some subject in the field of communications, with particular regard to printing and typography, and will start as soon as funds allow. Contributions should be sent to the Beatrice Warde Lecture Fund, Clerk to the Governors, St. Bride Foundation, 4 St. Bride Street, London E.C.4.

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[I]n search of a rare bird

[DE] LUNA:
[The Q]ueen Declined: An Interpretation [o]f Willobie His Avisa with [the text] of the Original Edition
[...] Clarendon Press: Oxford [Univers]ity Press. £2 5s.

[...] an officious and possibly [...]y friend, turning over the [papers] of Henry Willoughby, discov[ered a] sheaf of poems in praise of [a rar]a avis, a chaste woman, and [put the]m in print under the title of [Willobie] His Avisa. Nobody could [regard] them as poetry but they are [...]pert verse, in a style which [...] the early 1580s. An elegant [...] title-page, showing Actaeon [and] Diana, parallels the book's [theme] of outraged chastity. Actaeon [...]y accompanied by an owl. [...] suitors address Avisa, one [befo]re marriage and four after [...]y offer her gifts, promise [...], parade their bleeding [...], urge the promptings of [...] and the way of the world. [She te]lls them they ought to be [ashame]d of themselves, quotes [...]e and threatens God's [...]e. At the end we are told [there i]s more to come if the first [...] proves popular. It did: [there we]re six editions between 1594 [and 16]05. But there was no contin[uation; t]he book was hot to handle [and in] 1599 it was "called in". [along w]ith other satirical squibs.

[...] then was it saying in addi[tion t]o its innocent and repetitive [tale o]f the seducer repulsed? It is [a b]roadcast with clues that the [...]s represented are more than [...]pes. The last wooer, H. W., [...] by telling his woes to a [...] W. S., described as an "old [...]" in the "comedy" (or [shoul]d it be the "tragedy"?) in [which h]e is now an "actor". It is [...] modern commentators not to suspect a reference to William Shakespeare and his Mr. W. H. This identification, beyond all others, is what has attracted attention to a tantalizing poetic riddle. As recently as the summer of 1969 David Scott offered a solution in an article in *The Dalhousie Review*. His Avisa is the Earl of Essex, who is also his Mr. W. H. That Essex should be wooed by a succession of men explains the scandalous nature of Willoughby's book and is a sample of its outrageous humour. Professor De Luna, in *The Queen Declined*, is not interested in Shakespeare. She identifies Avisa with the lady most renowned throughout sixteenth-century England for invincible virginity, the Queen herself.

This is certainly a hypothesis which should be put to the test. The problem of Avisa's husband is easily disposed of. The Queen had already declared herself wedded to her country and wore a ring to show it. When she relinquished it on her deathbed Camden said it "was taken as a sad Omen, as if it portended that her Marriage with the Kingdome, contracted with that Ring, would now be dissolved". In the poem Avisa refers to her marriage in rather a curious way when she says that

> Unto the earth, I bent a willing mind,
> He was the first, to whom I gave my hand.

This can be understood in a general sense as part of the metaphor presenting her as a bird, which "flies", "mounts" and "perches". But "earth" could appropriately figure England.

References to Avisa's poverty and low estate supply another reason for commentators to look elsewhere than to the throne.

> Yet sprang she not of Egles nest,
> But Turtle-bred, loves Turtle best.

She is exceptionally intelligent, well educated, dwells "in publique eye", but a jealous Juno has denied her wealth. Her home is a castle, or a "howse, where hanges the badge/Of Englands Saint". Professor De Luna has pictures of the royal palaces liberally decorated with the flag of St. George. Avisa's motto "Always the same" is Elizabeth's *semper eadem*. She is a phoenix, a common emblem of the Queen. Her suitors try to pluck her like a (Tudor) rose. Yet any resolutely chaste woman is a phoenix and any wooer tries to pluck a rose. Such references are too vague and general to carry strong conviction. A skilled satirist values them for their very elusiveness, but they don't serve to pin him down. When they become more particular the conviction is lost in an excess of particularities.

Professor De Luna refers Avisa's "framing" in elaborate and gynaecological detail to the probable date of Elizabeth's conception. The place where this occurred is described at some length in the poem:

> At wester side of Albions Ile
> Where Austine pitcht his Monkish tent,
> Where Shepheardes sing, where Muses smile,
> The graces met with one consent,
> To frame each one in sundry parte
> Some cunning worke to shew their arte.

These "graces" turn out to be not precisely graces, nor even three in number. They are four goddesses who bestow natal gifts, or in the case of the fourth goddess, Juno, refuse one. Professor De Luna will not allow Willoughby so much mythological latitude, and prefers to interpret the "graces" as the literal parents, their gracious majesties King Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn. She would like Elizabeth to have been conceived near Cricklade, where Augustine held a conclave to settle the date of Easter, but the text reads "wester". A false clue, whereby a satirist conceals his real purpose?

The explanation (which has probably already occurred to the reader) comes to us, all in a rush. The author wants his reader to reflect that, just as Augustine went west to establish Easter, he must go east to establish wester, a scheme which has little to recommend it but that it is mildly clever, and would partially explain the name signed to the second commendatory poem preceding *Avisa*, that is, "Contraria Contrariis", which seems to imply that some sort of doubling-back or reversing directions will be required for the correct resolving of the riddle.

We double back to Augustine's Canterbury, "Where Sheapheardes [churchmen] sing", and find from the Privy Purse expenses for Henry VIII that he did indeed stay there in November, 1532.

Very great ingenuity and enthusiasm lie behind this and similar discoveries, though it is not reassuring to find how regularly the references are to the works of Sir John Neale, Martin Hume, Elizabeth Jenkins and other such excellent authors, which contemporaries who pored over *Willobie His Avisa* had not the advantage of having read. Elizabethan readers were undoubtedly skilled in picking the sense out of riddling passages, but it is hardly possible at this distance of time to know so surely what was in their minds and follow their thought-processes through such intricate twistings as Professor De Luna involves them in. Reading the couplet—

> Though Egle-eyde this bird appeare,
> Not blusht at beames of Phoebus raies

—would they take it to mean that "Elizabeth had eyes like an eagle's—golden, but with pupils so large that the whole eye appears black—and an olive rather than a 'blusht' complexion", or simply that the eagle is fabulously and emblematically known not to be abashed by staring straight at the sun?

With Avisa established as Elizabeth, the second half of the argument associates seven of her more notable suitors, in chronological order (and excluding Ralegh, in disgrace in 1594), with Willoughby's five wooers. "A Noble man" is identified with Seymour, "Caveileiro" with Philip II of Spain, "D.B. A French man" with Alençon (Duke of Brabant, Defensor Belgarum). "Dydimus Harco Anglo-Germanus" is Hatton and a Habsburg Archduke rolled into one, and "H.W. Italo-Hispalensis" stands for the two Roberts, Dudley and Devereux. At the end, in an adaptation of the phraseology of the French royal veto, *La Royne s'avisa*, "The Queen declined". What she declined in the poem is always illicit love. What the Queen in reality declined was more often marriage. The imperfect parallel may, of course, be due to Willoughby's clumsiness. We are to rejoice that the Queen never betrayed her country by marrying nor her dignity by taking a lover. Professor De Luna is a skilled pick-lock. She has already, in a brilliant study, *Jonson's Romish Plot* (1967), associated *Catiline* with Catesby and the Gunpowder treason. Her key to *Willobie His Avisa*, though not so good a fit, will set many fingers itching to try to cut a better. Whatever *was* Willoughby about?

[B]ooks [Re]ceived

[Biogra]phy and Memoirs

[...], GEOFFREY. *Surgical Cosmo[...]* 176pp. William Kimber.

[The au]thor has written a lively and [amu]sing account of his life as a [...]. His early appointment to [...] of the French hospital in [...] led to his being chosen in [...] the dangerous and sensa[tional ...] whose activities he has [describe]d so well in *Black Scalpel*. [The prese]nt book is full of good [...] play and work both in this [country] and in many countries. [...] the chapter on his visit to [the Soviet] Union is particularly inter[esting ...] an interesting and [...] sidelight on General [...] state visit to London. [...] enjoy this shrewd and [...] autobiography.

[...], JONATHAN. *William Gar[dner ...] Leicester (1770-1853).* [...] Leicester Research Ser[vices ...] Rutland Street, Leicester.

[A] memoir of the [...] manufacturer with [...], who was him[self ...] and author and who [...] with some of the most [...] of his time. The [...] sketch is followed by a [...] passages from William [...] writings to illustrate [...] of subjects.

[...] Edited by [...] 176pp. Cam[bridge University] Press. 35s.

[...] writes on Greek [...] authority, and it [...] to edit [...] this new series [...] and Latin Classics, which is intended to meet a demand for editions concerned as much with literary content as with linguistic and textual problems. The Oxford Classical text is used, since it is commonly set for examinations, though many deviations are suggested: the introduction and notes are concise and helpful; and a welcome appendix on metres seeks to give life and purpose to those formal analyses of choric verse which for so many have always been as repellent in their mathematical complexity as devoid of any dramatic significance whatever.

Education

KELLY, T. (Editor). *Studies in Adult Education 1969.* Volume I of the journal *Studies in Adult Education*. 214pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. 35s.

The new journal *Studies in Adult Education* produced some stimulating material in its first two issues which have now been bound between hard covers. Particularly relevant to the choices before educationists are the articles by Donald Garside on the origins and value of short-term residential colleges and by Roger L. Brown on research into educational broadcasting. The journals' book reviews and bibliographies are included with an index, and the volume costs little more than the two issues of the periodical.

Military History

PORTEN, EDWARD P. VON DER. *The German Navy in World War II.* 274pp. Arthur Barker. £2 2s.

Mr. Von der Porten, an American of German descent, appears to have used only English language versions of German works in addition to a great deal of secondary British and American material. He has drawn particularly heavily on the United States Naval Institute Proceedings. All his sources have been generally available for some time and, as he has provided no originality of interpretation, historians will find little of interest in his book. General readers are already so well provided for in accounts of the naval side of the war that it is only the fact that this one is written from the German point of view that might attract them. They will find a competent narrative but very little help in assessing the significance of the naval operations in the course of the war as a whole. The typography and illustrations are below the standard to be expected at the price.

SMYTH, JOHN. *The Valiant.* 236pp. A. R. Mowbray. £2 10s.

A score of episodes involving one arm or another of the Crown exemplify the title of the book. Sir John starts with the Black Watch at Ticonderoga in 1758 but most of his incidents are from the First and Second World Wars. Each narrative is clear and concise. All show gallant men steadfast against fearful odds.

WINTON, JOHN. *The Forgotten Fleet.* 433pp. Michael Joseph. £2 10s.

This is a workmanlike account of the rebuilding of British naval power in the Far East after the disasters of 1941. In addition to making good use of the best of the published work on the subject, Mr. Winton has obtained a great deal of valuable illustrative detail from participants of all ranks. Although his declared object is to remind the forgetful of the substantial contribution that the revived British Pacific Fleet made to the final defeat of Japan as an ancillary to the predominantly American forces, he indulges in no shrill special pleading. Shortcomings in performance, especially in the early stages of the carrier operations, and in command decisions are clearly pointed out and proper tribute is paid to the generous help given by American commanders on the spot. A particularly interesting chapter is devoted to the development and operation of the Fleet Train, the novel and essential element in the Pacific war of supplying and maintaining the fleet without the use of a land base. Mr. Winton's competent narrative is backed up by good maps and fully adequate references for further reading.

Natural History

HOWSE, P. E. *Termites: A Study in Social Behaviour.* 150pp. Hutchinson University Library. 35s. (Paperback, 15s.)

Termites, popularly called "white ants", have great affinities with cockroaches though in form they resemble ants more than any other species. Modern research on their biology and role as pests has been published in French and German, in journals not commonly available in Britain. Dr. Howse who is a lecturer in zoology in the University of Southampton and a termitologist of repute has therefore written this interesting account of the behaviour of termites and of some of the fundamental aspects of their society. Consideration is given to their habits, ecology, importance to man and other animals, their colonies, means of communication and the structure and formation of their elaborate nests with humidity and temperature control. Their near blindness must have a great influence on their elaborate social behaviour and the author expresses the need for more experimental work to elucidate the complex responses of their very small brain. Plates, diagrams and an extensive bibliography will be of especial value to students while the text provides an excellent introduction to the elaborate mode of life of this large and diverse group.

URRY, DAVID and KATIE. *Flying Birds.* 191pp. Vernon and Yates. £2 10s.

Two biologists have here produced a factual treatise on how birds fly which is composed mainly of black-and-white photographs with captions. Their approach is a gratifying combination of science and aesthetics and many of the photographs, as clear, unaffected and skilled statements, are remarkable for their beauty. Clearly this is a labour of love and a timely one. Peter Conder, Director of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, provides a brief foreword, and a notice is given that part of the proceeds of the sale of the book will be given to the British National Appeal of the World Wildlife Fund.

WILLIAMS, JOHN G. *A Field Guide to the Butterflies of Africa.* 238pp. Collins. £2 5s.

John G. Williams with his wide knowledge of natural history in Africa has produced a beautifully illustrated guide to some 436 of the commonest and most conspicuous butterflies of the continent, south of the Sahara and excluding Madagascar. Following precise instructions on collecting and preserving specimens, each species is described in detail. Diagnostic characters are emphasized together with habitat, flight, habits and food plants, while each species is illustrated by fine line drawings and excellent colour plates often showing both sexes. All the information is most carefully correlated.

Philosophy

Kant's Political Writings. Edited with an introduction by Hans Reiss. Translated by H. B. Nisbet. 210pp. Cambridge University Press. £2 16s.

Professor Reiss provides a clear and helpful introduction to Kant's political writings. He emphasizes Kant's goal of founding politics on our obedience to rationally prescribed rules which maximize the free development of our faculties, and explains how Kant's approach ties in with the rest of his critical philosophy. Kant's support of bourgeois republicanism and his relations with his anti-Enlightenment contemporaries are well handled too. If there is a deficiency it is the lack of emphasis on Kant's most distinctive trait—the combination of an extreme rigorism about principles with great humanity and subtlety in their application. But it is a deficiency which the sequel, Kant's own writings, can be relied on to correct.

Railways

WARREN, J. G. H. *A Century of Locomotive Building by Robert Stephenson & Company 1823-1923.* Introduction by W. A. Tuplin. 461pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles Reprints. £5 5s.

A reprint of the large and handsomely illustrated book published to mark the firm's centenary and now hard to come by. It should not be thought that it is just another

rather flattering company portrait of the kind found lying on a board-room table: two of the original directors were George Stephenson and his son Robert and the history of their firm is, in a sense, the history of contemporary locomotive design and construction. There is a long and valuable chapter of the Rainhill Trials of 1829 which decided what engines should work the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. The Stephensons' entry "Rocket" won, and one can see why hard-won experience will tell. The company did not rest on its laurels and built countless locomotives for use at home and abroad.

ELLIS, HAMILTON. *London Midland and Scottish.* 224pp. Ian Allan. £3.

Mr. Hamilton Ellis is the John Aubrey of railways, well-informed, witty, scholarly and given to telling fascinating little tales that one feels sure the board room wouldn't want told. He offers here not a presentation history but a wonderfully readable impression of the making of the old L.M.S. How the mixed diet of locomotives and men from half-a-dozen companies was digested (or rejected) after the amalgamations of 1923; how the rival citadels, Crewe and Derby, glowered at each other and how such outstanding men as Lord Stamp and Sir William Stanier transformed the L.M.S. into a powerful and puissant line—all ready for the war and ultimate nationalization.

Reference

Director of Medical Libraries in the British Isles. Third edition. 128pp. Library Association. 20s.

This third edition of a very useful directory records the holdings and facilities of nearly 400 medical libraries, for in the five years since the last edition many new postgraduate centres and hospital staff libraries have been started. Dental, pharmaceutical and veterinary libraries are included, but not patients' libraries. A few older libraries, which were in the earlier editions, are now omitted without explanation. The entries are arranged in alphabetical order of place-names, follow a convenient formula, and are well indexed.

Religion

TAYLOR, VINCENT. *New Testament Essays.* 146pp. Epworth Press. 32s.

Vincent Taylor, who died in 1968, was one of the most distinguished New Testament scholars of his time. He was a profound person, who had read everything, and one who was never afraid to make his own judgment on what he read, while he was gifted with a most lucid style. This book, which includes an attractive memoir of him and a study of his contribution to theological learning by Dr. C. L. Mitton, is a collection of ten essays, all of them fine, and all bearing the marks of careful thought. Each essay deserves comment, but perhaps it is enough to say that the reviewer read the book with great pleasure and with real profit. It is good to know that a further volume is contemplated.

Sports and Pastimes

FISCHER, BOBBY. *My 60 Memorable Games.* 384pp. Faber and Faber. £2 10s.

This selection of the best games of the young American grandmaster, Bobby Fischer, must rank among the best of any collections of games of the great masters. Of the sixty games no less than fifty are against grandmasters and these fifty include all the best players of our time, with such figures as the present world champion, Boris Spassky, five former world champions in Botvinnik, Petrosian, Smyslov, Tal and Euwe, and such leading tournament players as Larsen, Keres, Gligoric, Geller, Korchnoi and Portisch.

The annotations are excellent and often exhaustive, as in the case, for example, of his celebrated draw with Botvinnik at the Warna Olympiad of 1962. In this particular game the cunning device has been adopted of giving Botvinnik's own notes and then replying to them, thus maintaining a sort of duet.

The contents are thus all that one could wish from such a great player and they will clearly provide the chess-player with many hours of enjoyable study. Why then does one hesitate to put the work on a par with the very greatest game collections of the past, with, for instance, Tarrasch's *300 Chess Games* or Alekhine's *100 Best Games*? The answer is that while Mr. Fischer's games compare very well with those in the two books mentioned, the writing and the manner in which they are presented is inferior. One does not object to those moments in which Mr. Fischer's native wood notes wild are heard. After all, the phrase, "Sherwin slid the Rook here with his pinky", does add some colour to the work, even if it requires a translation from American to English.

No, what is repellent is the would-be literary style and the quotations of other people's quotations. Here one suspects the baleful influence of Larry Evans, whose introductions to the games are marred by these stylistic defects and who, from internal evidence, would also seem to have had much to do with the writing in the main body of the work. Even so the book is a fine one.

Travel and Topography

DUTTON, RALPH. *Hampshire.* 223pp. Batsford. 30s.

Hampshire inspires fewer guide-books than counties which enjoy more striking scenery. Mr. Dutton avoids any extravagant claims for his native shire: it has neither great scenery nor great architecture, and few outstanding village churches or country houses. It is menaced by the urban sprawl northwards from the coast. But it does have scenic variety, owing to the great differences of soil, and includes some small towns of more than average charm. And of course it has the splendours of Winchester, where the author starts a tour which embraces the best of rural Hampshire and ends in the Isle of Wight. There is a map and some attractive photographs, but there has been some carelessness over the index, where Hurstbourne Priors and Hurstbourne Tarrant both appear as Huntsbourne.

OSBORNE, CHARLES (Editor). *Australia, New Zealand and the South Pacific.* 580pp. Anthony Blond. £6.

Closely packed with facts, illustrated with statistics and maps and enlivened by sociological analysis, this comprehensive work outlines, succinctly but by no means drily, the historical, political and economic growth of Australia and New Zealand. The editor and his fifty contributors have produced a compact, topical reference book which is both informative and lively.

STEELE, PETER. *Two and Two Halves to Bhutan.* 191pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £2 2s.

This book describes a family journey in the Himalayas. The author went to Bhutan to do medical research and took his wife and two small children with him. His exuberant account of their experiences is decked out with agreeable drawings by Phoebe Bullock and with photographs that graphically depict the country and the people.

The Far East and Australasia, 1970. 1,368pp. Europa Publications. £8.

This is a revised, updated and expanded second edition of a useful reference book. Subtitled "A Survey and Director of Asia and the Pacific", it includes essays from geographers, historians and economists, directories of governments, diplomatic corps, political parties, the press, banks, trade and industrial organizations, transport, tourism, universities and learned societies, libraries, museums, and, finally, a "Who's Who in the Far East and Australasia".

Wine and Food

PYKE, MAGNUS. *Man and F[illegible]* 256pp. Weidenfeld and Nicol[illegible] World University Library. (Paperback, 16s.)

Magnus Pyke has done it again [illegible] fusing to look upon food as m[illegible] a matter of calories and the [illegible] persists in the comforting old-[illegible]ioned way of regarding food [illegible] something that mankind con[illegible] not only to keep body and so[illegible]gether, but also because he e[illegible] the process. It is against this b[illegible]ground that he produces a brill[illegible] concise review of the essential[illegible] nutrition and food technology. [illegible] concludes on a pleasingly reas[illegible] —and convincing—note on the f[illegible] prospects for food supplies for [illegible]kind. This is a book that no in[illegible]gent layman (or woman), from [illegible] form onwards, can afford to mi[illegible] provides the facts pleasantly an[illegible] language that all can understand.

War Studies

FREEMAN, ROGER A. *The Mi[illegible] Eighth.* 311pp. Macdonald. £[illegible]

From mid-1942 onward the [illegible] Eighth Air Force was building u[illegible] British bases in readiness to pu[illegible] by day the strategic bombing c[illegible]paign in which the R.A.F. [illegible] engaged by night. The Bri[illegible] Bomber Command was scepti[illegible] but helpful in every respect [illegible] gradually the American air[illegible] learned their lessons by hard [illegible]perience. By means of long-ra[illegible] fighter escorts they made their c[illegible]tribution fully effective. This [illegible] detailed story of how the work [illegible] done.

The Athlone Press (University [of] London) wish to point out that [the] publication date of the two items [of] Collected Works of Jeremy Ben[tham] advertised on June 4 should be no[t] 29 but June 29.

VACANT APPOINTMENTS AND PUBLIC NOTICES &c

Librarians

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[illegible]

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[illegible] Applications are invited [for] the post of Junior Library [Assi]stant (female) for [dut]ies in the General Lending and Reference Libraries. Candidates should be not [less] than 18 years of age [and] salary is on an age-[relat]ed scale, e.g., £747 at [£]... at age 21. Applications stating educational qualifications and [previ]ous experience should [be sen]t to the Chief of Establishments (Recruiting Division), Bank of England, [Lon]don, E.C.2, not later than [...]th June, 1970.

LONDON BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT

[illegible]

The Art Gallery of South Australia

APPOINTMENT OF KEEPER OF PAINTINGS

Applications are invited for the above position.

SALARY SCALE: \$A3,708 to \$A5,531

Qualifications: Applicants should possess an appropriate university degree. Experience in an art museum would be an advantage.

Duties: Curatorship of the painting collection, display of the permanent collection and temporary exhibitions, lecturing when required to adult or student groups, preparing notes for catalogues and quarterly bulletins, research associated with works in the collection (the painting collection at this Gallery is predominantly of English and Australian art).

Conditions of Service: Staff of The Art Gallery of South Australia are appointed under the Public Service Act 1967, and are therefore entitled to all benefits of leave, superannuation, etc., as public servants. Further information can be obtained on application to the Agent General for South Australia, South Australia House, 50 Strand, London, or from the Director, The Art Gallery of South Australia, North Terrace, Adelaide.

Applications: Applicants should include with their application information as to date and place of birth, marital status, education particulars, employment experience. Applicants should also include names of three competent referees to give information on character and professional ability.

Closing Date: 30th July, 1970.

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Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the above posts.

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Application forms returnable by 26th June, 1970, are obtainable from the City Librarian, Central Libraries, William Brown Street, Liverpool L3 8EW.

Stanley Holmes
Chief Executive and Town Clerk.

TYRONE COUNTY LIBRARY

DEPUTY COUNTY LIBRARIAN

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LONDON BOROUGH OF HAMMERSMITH

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The minimum qualification acceptable is Part I of the Library Association Professional Examination. For non-chartered Librarians, starting salary £1,220, with progression beyond £1,435 dependent on becoming Chartered; transfer to £1,435 immediate on election to Register. Postcard requests for application forms, quoting L.48, to Personnel Officer, 233 Hammersmith Road, W.6. Closing date 15 June.

Northamptonshire County Council

County Library

Children's and School Library Service

LIBRARIAN

AP 4 (£1,575-£1,800)

Applicants should be Chartered Librarians with suitable experience. The post carries responsibility for all work with schools and children in the Northamptonshire County Library.
Further particulars may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library, 27 Guildhall Road, Northampton, NN1 1EF, by whom completed applications must be received on or before 22nd June, 1970.
O. Meurig Jones. Clerk of the County Council.

DOWN COUNTY COUNCIL LIBRARY SERVICE

(i) DEPUTY COUNTY LIBRARIAN

Grade S.O. 1-5 £1,870-£2,185 per annum.

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Grade A.P. III-IV £1,345-£1,800 per annum.

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians with suitable experience for the above posts at County Library Headquarters, Ballynahinch. Further particulars and application form (returnable by 26th June, 1970) from the Secretary, Down County Council, Courthouse, Downpatrick, County Down, N. Ireland. Telephone Downpatrick 2657.

FALKIRK PUBLIC LIBRARY

LENDING LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for the above post. Salary will be within the range £1,170-£1,575 per annum, according to qualifications and experience.

Further details and application forms (which must be returned by 25th June, 1970) are obtainable from the Burgh Librarian, Public Library, Hope Street, Falkirk.

HERIOT-WATT UNIVERSITY

SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT

Applications are invited for the above post, tenable from 1st August, 1970. Candidates should be graduates preferably with some library experience, or should have taken, or be in course of taking, professional examinations in librarianship.
Salary on the scale £1,075 x 75—£1,500. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Heriot-Watt University, Chambers Street, Edinburgh, EH1 1HX, to whom applications should be sent by 15th June, 1970.

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Applicants, aged 21 and over, should have a good educational background and a keen interest in current affairs. Experience in Library work would be an advantage. The applicant will be part of a small team responsible for indexing and preparing copy. Salary £1,248 p.a., five-day week.
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LONDONDERRY COUNTY LIBRARY

LIBRARY ASSISTANT

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